HORSEMEN LIKE IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 32. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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HOW I CURED MY CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, AND NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTY.

"A Common-sense Cure," too, for Adenoids, Polypi, Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, Throat and Voice Troubles.

NO MORE OPERATIONS — CAUTERISING OR CUTTING — SPRAYS OR SNUFFS.

Cures During Sleep.

I have discovered a common-sense cure for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, Throat, Voice and Ear troubles, and Nose-Breathing Difficulties, and will gladly send illustrated book telling how I—with the aid of my doctor (also a sufferer from Catarrh)—discovered the cure. In the book I explain how, if you suffer from Catarrh, etc., your nasal passages become "blocked," as shown in the accompanying illustrations. My cure *frees the nasal air-passages.*

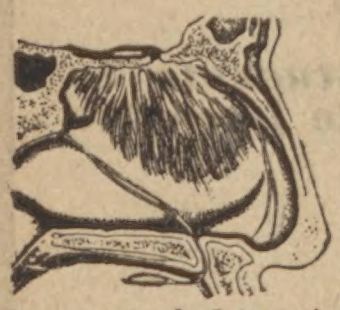
I tell you in my booklet a way of curing your trouble, even *while you sleep.* Every breath you draw becomes a powerfully curative inspiration, and you quickly feel and look better, while your voice becomes clearer and stronger, and your hearing better.

The above illustrations of how Catarrh, Adenoids, and Polypi, etc., affect the nose are explained in my book, which I send free of charge.

People used to think that squirting liquids or sniffing powders up the nose, or sucking tablets in the mouth, were the ways to cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, Throat and Voice, and Nose-breathing Troubles. (See the second illustration in my book for anatomical reason why this form of cure cannot cure.)

The idea of using Air-Channels as Water Canals ought to have struck any intelligent being as an illegitimate physiological operation.

Look at the honeycomb-like air-cavities that are situated behind the nose of every human being (see illustrations in the book).



Read how Catarrh and Nose Breathing trouble slowly destroys the senses of smell, taste, and hearing, creates bad taste in mouth and makes breath offensive; also read in book full illustrated details of certain cure for catarrh, hay fever, adenoids, polypi, and nose-breathing difficulties.

Why, think you, did Nature take all this trouble to evolve so puzzling a place if not *to keep out everything but AIR itself?*

And you, surely you see the un-Natural mistake of attempting (happily you cannot do it, even if you stand on your head to try to accomplish it) to force liquid, watery, or oily sprays, or dry atomised powders up into this splendid suite of air chambers?

I would like to tell you all about it in detail, and with the help of well-printed maps of the geography of the parts. I would gladly do so, too, if I knew your address. If you send me your name and address I shall have the greatest pleasure—and satisfaction—in sending you a copy of my book.

The subject is far too big to handle here.

CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

How the Cure was Discovered.
Why Snuffs and Sprays can Do No Good.
The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
Special Advice and Warning.
Illustration of an Operation for Removal of Post Nasal Growths.
A Most Remarkable Test (illus.).
What is Catarrh?
Illustrations of Examples of Nasal Obstruction and Inefficiency.
What Catarrh Leads To.
The Physiological Process of Cure
Illustrations of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
How to Cure Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.
The Nose and Catarrh.
The Ears and Catarrh.
The Throat and Catarrh.
The Mouth and Catarrh.
The Lungs and Catarrh.
How to Cure Snoring.
Colds in the Head and Eyes.
Voice Troubles.

My free book, however, goes very fully and illustratively into the "whys" and "wherefores" of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, and Nose-Breathing Troubles, etc.

I go further—I go in full detail into the "Ways" and "Means" of cure without burning, or cutting, or clipping, or spraying, or sniffing.

I am sure you will find my book worth reading. I have been told in person and correspondence that my method of cure (and it does CURE, mind you) is "a common-sense cure."

An old gentleman of 74, operated upon 11 times for nasal obstructions, writes me that my cure has done him more good than all the operations, and all the medicines, he has ever tried.

I tell you in my book how to cure:

Nasty Dropping in the Throat,
Head Stuffiness,
Nose Stuffiness,
Throat Dryness,
Spitting of Thick Phlegm,
Discharge from Nose,
Catarrhal Deafness.

I have printed 10,000 copies of my book for free distribution. I charge you nothing for it. Just send 1d. stamp for postage and tell me if you like what YOUR trouble is like, so that I can help you with a letter of advice. Address me: John Rhycol Lindsay, 80, Rhycol House, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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Mrs. BUCKLEY, Uppermill, near Oldham. I feel so much better; I will continue with your tablets. Please send the 10/- supply.

Mrs. FIRMAN, Holme Cottage, near Thetford. Please send me another 4/- box of tablets. They have a wonderful result with me.

The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

Mrs. MARCHANT, Harrow. Kindly send me another box of tablets. They are the only ones which have had any effect, which is wonderful in so short a time.

Month later. They are doing wonders in my case.

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I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 32. WEEK ENDING JUNE 12TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

A MAN'S SURROUNDINGS.

HOW THEY AFFECT HIS PLEASURES.

The other day I called on a friend. He has type of house I like. It has been made, I eve, from one large house and several cot- es being run into one; at least, there are bling staircases and meaningless passages ich no ordinary architect would have devised. One part of the house he has made his den, in it. I waited while his servant brought to me.

t was late in the evening and very quiet out- er. Inside two clocks ticked one against the s of the old-fashioned grandfather type; the er was more modern and stood upon the ntelpiece.

Clunk-clunk went the big clock; clinkity- nk went the little one. It reminded me of ngfellow's line, "Ever, never, never, for- r." The sound was mournful in the extreme. ould never have been happy in that room. believe that the ticking of those clocks must ve been detrimental to my friend's happiness, hough perhaps he remained unconscious of and there are many such outside circum- nces which we were certainly intended to have on ich we were. s earth.

recall the den of another pal of mine. Like many another bachelor's room, it has n furnished with oddments from other quar- s of the house, and on its walls some vicious nts have found a place. They date, I should think, from the mid-Vic- ian period, when art and the craft of printing re alike at a low ebb; they are painful to see. He has on his mantelpiece two hideous ffed birds, which likewise have been relegated his sisters from the drawing-room. I do not suppose he observes these things ch, but he misses a little bit of happiness by t having sporting prints on the walls; if he is thorough sportsman an occasional reminder his favourite recreations could not but add his happiness.

Some of the women's papers talk sound sense ncerning the furnishing of rooms. They dis- s colour schemes and so forth, all from the minine point of view, but a man wants some- ng more than a colour scheme in his own rticular den.

He certainly does not want a garish wall per, nor does he desire to have the chairs up- stered with cloth adorned with abominable nted flowers; what he wants is what the men's papers never discuss—sporting pic- es, trophies, boxing gloves, and other neces- ries of sport to remind him of the happiest ments of his life.

The things about him have a direct influence him, and should be of his choosing. If he submits to having his surroundings osen by others, lacking the sporting taste, he giving up some of the happiness of his life.

GIBBON HAYRICK.

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CHEEK.

The expert who prepares the London Coliseum posters has a sense of humour. Recently he billed Miss Ruth St. Denis, of Nautch dance fame, at the top of one column, and the "Naked Truth" at the top of the next one. Nautchy, nautchy!

* * * * * * *

Mr. George Bernard Shaw complains that he has been insulted. We should not have thought it possible.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Joseph Lyons has been appointed a deputy lieutenant of the county of London. Will he wear a cooked hat? Mr. Lyons, of course, is not only a restaurateur, but a litterateur, one of his finest works in the latter capacity being a tragedy in blanked verse entitled "The Lion's Meal."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. J. A. Stirling has returned to the stage, and is appearing as a society lady in "Our Miss Gibbs." We hope she can act.

* * * * * * *

"There is only one condition upon which you can remain in an English bar; you must keep on drinking," says Sir Alfred Cripps. We quite agree, and we call it a one-sided bar-gain.

* * * * * * *

A new name for the Suffragettes: "Fooligans."

* * * * * * *

The Premier says that he "prefers migration to creation of capital." Thanks to his Government, emigration will soon be the only hope for many of us.

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The question has been raised whether barbers should abolish tips. We wish they would abolish the chatty remarks they so often have on the tips of their tongues.

* * * * * * *

Mr. George Bernard Shaw tells us that he "is not in the King's confidence." We remain as loyal as ever we were.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Haldane has given orders that the Yeomanry are to be armed with the short rifle. "Now we shan't be long" is the Yeomen's cheerful cry.

* * * * * * *

From the "Court and Society" column of a contemporary we learn that "Mr. and Mrs. St. John Smythe reside, when in town, at their own house, in Queen's Gate, S.W." For this relief much thanks. We were *so* afraid they "dossed" it at a Salvation Army Shelter.

* * * * * * *

The wife of Mr. J. H. Taylor, the famous golfer, recently presented him with twins. Henceforth we cease to believe in the old saying that it "takes nine tailors to make a man."

* * * * * * *

From a Suffragette leader we learn that the white in their colours stands for purity. May we remind the Suffragettes that good wine needs no bush?

NORMAN FRASER.

GARDEN WORK.

SOME NOTES FOR THE WEEK.

When you have a spare moment this week you ought to have a look at the sweet peas, for they are requiring your attention and they more than deserve it.

Growth varies with locality and exposure, but in most parts of the country sweet peas are now at the stage when they require careful training and attention. There are as many ways of staking sweet peas as there are varieties of this beautiful flower. Wire netting, if it is rusty and therefore does not show up very much, is a good thing for them to grow upon provided it is properly arranged.

A plan favoured by many is to drive in at each end of the line any sort of wooden stake, very often a strip cut from an ordinary deal plank, and to tie strings across and across between the stakes; this always looks unsightly, for, though in theory sweet peas ought to come up and cover the ugly stakes, they never seem to do so in actual fact, and right up to the end of the autumn they remain an eyesore.

One of the best methods of dealing with sweet peas is to give them a few short twigs to grow upon till they are a foot or eighteen inches high and then to push in amongst them a number of ordinary kitchen-garden pea stakes.

Creepers are now rambling everywhere, and in some cases it is necessary to cut them back. In my own garden there is a laburnum tree which was all but killed by a creeper coming over from the side of the house and smothering it. I cut that creeper back very severely last year, and the laburnum has taken on a fresh lease of life.

You will find in your borders, here and there, where last year you had nasturtiums or canary creeper, small seedlings of these coming up. Don't destroy them; there is generally some odd corner of the garden to which they could be transplanted with advantage.

Look out for any inequalities in the surface of your lawn and for bare spots. You do not want to wait for fresh grass to grow from seed, and, if you do not care to go to the expense of buying new turf, you should, if the bare spot is a small one, roughen the surface and press into it a tuft of grass removed from the shrubbery or border.

Perhaps you have kept your garden so well that there are no such tufts; you may get a supply by trimming the edge of the lawn.

When you put in the new grass, be careful to shear it well down, so that it will not be torn out by the lawn-mower next time you send that across it; and don't forget to water it.

Give particular attention to your dahlias. Many of the new varieties are indistinguishable from the finest chrysanthemums and have none of the stiffness that dahlias once had. See that the stakes are high enough for the growing plants, and, where necessary, support the branches either with strings from the top of the stakes or with side props.

J. BEECHER.

OUTPOSTS

AN ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

Even in time of peace outpost duty is interesting and important work. The commander of a picquet gets a chance of showing his initiative in the way he posts his picquet and sentries; his subalterns have their share of the fun in commanding detached posts (small bodies detached from the picquet to hold some important point such as a bridge or road which is not within reach of the picquet) or reconnoitring patrols, while the men are well tested in woodcraft, common-sense and powers of observation on sentry-go and patrol.

On active service outpost duty becomes perhaps a trifle too interesting, and the responsibility of every man in the outpost line from the commander downwards is almost overwhelming.

Not only are the outposts greatly exposed, but on them rests the safety of the main body, and the negligence of even one sentry may mean the rout of an army corps.

WHAT IS AN OUTPOST?

It occurs to me that, for the lay reader at least, I should have explained just what outposts are. When an army moving in the vicinity of an enemy halts, it detaches to its front and flanks small bodies of troops for the dual purpose of preventing the enemy from surprising or spying upon the main body, and obtaining all possible information about him. "Outposts" is the name given to these far-flung troops or screen, and the outpost line is usually divided into picquets, which consist of from 25 to 10 men, are nearest the enemy, and furnish sentries, reconnoitring and visiting patrols, supports, and reserves.

Picquet duty is the most interesting part of outpost work, it gives both officers and men engaged on it a chance of showing what sort of stuff they are made of.

The commander of the outposts indicates the general picquet, but it is usually left to picquet commanders to choose the actual positions for their picquets, and here considerable judgment is often called for.

CHOOSING A POSITION.

His choice depends greatly on whether in the event of attack he has orders to hold on awaiting reinforcements or to fall back on supports and reserves. In the former case he naturally wants a strong defensive position; he does not want to put his picquet at the bottom of a hole, as a young friend of mine once did, pleading when called to account that he thought the great thing was to keep out of sight!

On the other hand, the top of a hill, which at first sight seems a strong position, may be a very dangerous one. To stick your picquet on the top of a hill which is very steep or has a concave slope on the enemy's side, is to court a second Majuba, because with ground like that you cannot bring an effective fire to bear on an enemy swarming up the hill.

The ideal position for a picquet with orders to hold on to the last gasp is on top of rising ground sloping gently and evenly away towards the enemy, clear of trees or other cover and with its flanks protected by natural obstacles such as a river or ravine—though great attention need not be paid to the flanks if you have other picquets on either side of you—and with easy access from the rear for reinforcements. That is the ideal position for a defensive picquet.

If your picquet is not to fight, naturally you don't want a strong position, but none the less you should get your picquet, or at least your sentry line, on commanding ground for purposes of observation.

THE SENTRY'S MOTTO.

Beware, however, of posting men on the crest line of a hill, for that is simply to silhouette them against the sky line and give away your dispositions to the enemy. And the motto of all outposts, be it at manœuvres or in the sterner business of war, should be "To see and hear without being seen or heard."

Now for the private's part in outpost duty, and a great part it is, too. I know of no severer test of a man's courage, nerve, and judgment than outpost sentry-go on active service. Sentries, whenever possible, are posted in pairs, or in groups—one man watching while the remainder of the group rest in concealment close at hand. Often, however, it will happen that only single sentries are available and then a man's manhood is indeed weighed in the balance when night falls, and he stands at his post peering out into the gloom, every nerve and sense strained to breaking point.

A FRANK OPINION.

I remember when attached to an irregular force waging war against a savage foe hearing the sentries calling each other up one very dark night.

No. 1 sentry started with "Number one, and a-all's well," to which his neighbour duly replied "Number two, and a-all's well," and then No 3 took up the tune and in a voice of great agony he cried, "Number three, and this is *hell*!"

The sentry must see and hear without being seen or heard, and at the same time he must protect himself against being surprised or rushed, and therefore his position must be good both for observation and concealment and also difficult of approach. Country-bred men make the best sentries; they are not so likely to suffer from "nerves" as the townsman, while their knowledge of woodcraft enables them to read signs and portents which would be as Greek to the Cockney. The best man for sentry-go or reconnoitring duty is your ex-poacher, and the wise picquet commander will always try to discover him amongst the men.

THE RESULT OF NERVES.

The sentry has to exercise great judgment. A moment's delay in giving the alarm may be fatal; on the other hand, if he looses off at some imaginary foe—and darkness plays the very dickens with the imagination—probably some other nervous sentry will also fire at nothing; in a trice the whole picquet line is blazing away, and before long supports, reserves, and even the main body itself are standing to arms and the night's rest is gone. An astute enemy will keep on trying to "draw" his foe's picquets, not with any idea of serious attack, but because he knows the heavy damage wrought by disturbed nights.

Every picquet sends out to its front one or more reconnoitring patrols, whose duty is to obtain all the information they can about the enemy, and also to intercept his patrols and prevent their gaining information.

And should it come to active service may you never fail at your outpost, for remember the penalty is death, if not from the enemy, then at the hands of the comrades whose trust you have betrayed.

"CHINSTRAP."

ETIQUETTE.

XIV. LETTERS.

A well-known man—his name has escaped me for the moment—once said that he never answered letters on the ground that sooner or later they answered themselves.

There is much truth in his theory, for many letters are best left unanswered, as, for example, letters written in haste and anger, letters of a scandal-mongering or compromising nature. At the same time there are, of course, certain letters that must be written and answered, if you do not wish to be put down as a hopeless boor.

There is the letter of congratulation on hearing of any auspicious event among your friends. This should not present much difficulty, but the letter of condolence is a different matter, and to write a really good one requires considerable tact and feeling.

It need not be a long letter, but it should be sympathetic and kindly in tone, and you should try to avoid hackneyed expressions.

In the case of a death, mourning paper should be used—a narrow black border if the deceased is not a relative, in other cases with a border broad according to the degree of relationship—any stationer will supply the paper proper to the occasion.

Among letters that must be answered, invitations take first place, and they should be replied to with the utmost promptitude. I think the only point you need remember in regard to invitations is that the reply should be in the same form as the invitation. That is, if "Mr. and Mrs. Blank request the pleasure, etc.," you, Mr. Dash, should reply that "Mr. Dash has much pleasure in accepting (or Mr. Dash much regrets that he is unable to accept) Mr. and Mrs. Blank's kind invitation, etc."

On the other hand, if your invitation begins "Dear Mr. Dash," you should reply to "Dear Mrs. Blank."

Letters of congratulation or condolence should be replied to as soon as possible, and again your reply should follow the lines of the letter to which it refers. Thus if an acquaintance has sent you a more or less formal note of good wishes or sympathy your reply should be more or less formal, though it need not for that reason lack cordiality.

If you correspond spasmodically with a friend and receive a long chatty letter from him, it is nothing short of an insult to answer it by return of post.

If you do, the chances are that you will take all the points contained in his letter one by one, and answer or refer to them, so that your friend's pleasure in reading your letter is greatly lessened. Moreover, your letter does not come as a pleasant surprise.

A letter of introduction should always be handed unsealed to the person by whom it is to be delivered, and need only contain a few lines, something after this fashion: "Dear ——, This is to introduce my friend, ——, who is (here state your friend's business, if any). Anything you can do for him you may be sure I shall regard as a personal favour to myself."

Letter-writing is far less formal than it used to be, the third person style seldom being used.

Men in the same rank of life, of course, address each other as "Dear, or My dear Jones," but a young man writing to an elderly one would naturally accord him the respect of "Mr." or any other title he may possess.

It was at one time considered very bad form for a gentleman to write to a lady from his club, but I am bound to say the rule is now more honoured in the breach than the observance.

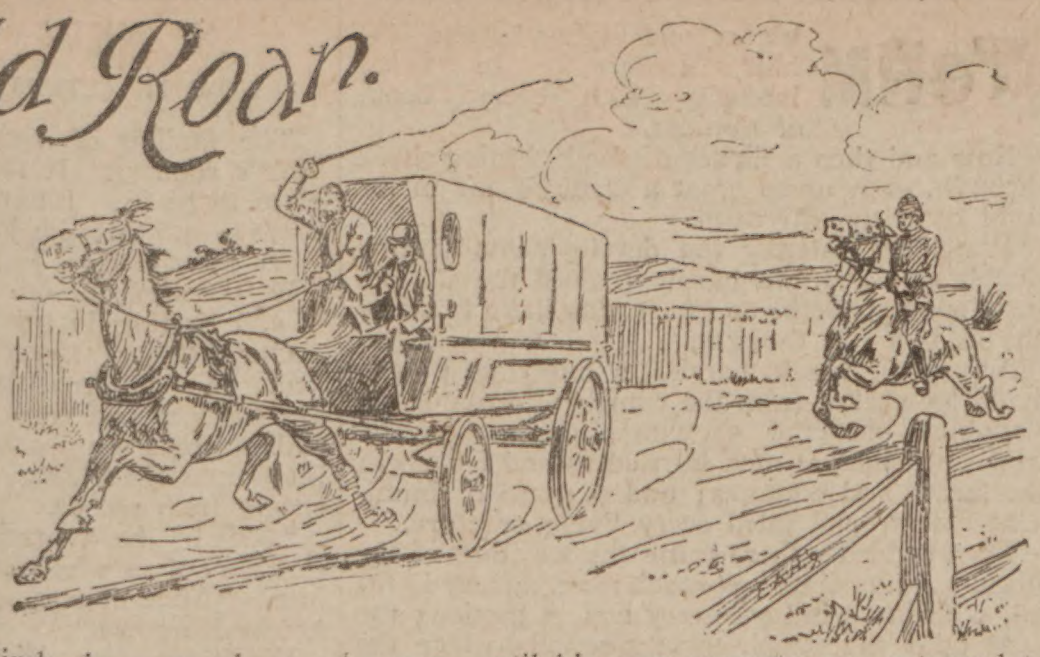
Army officers below the rank of captain should always be addressed as "So-and-So, Esq.," and the same rule strictly applies to Naval officers below the rank of commander. At the same time, the latter are often addressed as "Lieut. So-and-So, R.N.," especially when, as may well be the case, they are men of considerable length of service.

E. H. HILL.

The Old Roan.

A TALE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

By J. ANTHONY NASH.



Bob Webster would ve been the first to mit that he was mething of a country mpkin when he first ined the Metropolitan olice, but that he as still one after six onths' service he re- sed to believe. Yet all his mates the force united in garding him as slow thought if stout of limb—in a word as a mpkin of the first water. Consequently his e amongst them was none of the happiest; d his inability to take chaff lightly did not id to make matters better. It was something of a slap-in-the-eye all und, therefore, when one morning Bob oked up triumphantly from an official com- unication he had received, and which, need- s to say, had aroused much curiosity amongst s fellow constables.

"Well, you chaps," said Bob, with irritating wness, "I suppose you're all dying to know hat's in this letter. Considering the way you ep on chipping me, I don't think I ought to tisfy your curiosity. But there! I'm not ean. I'll tell you all about it. My applica- n for admission to the mounted force has en successful."

"What!"

"You don't say it!"

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

"Why are you, Simpson? What I don't know out horses and riding—though I say it my- lf, as shouldn't—isn't worth knowing."

"Plough horses?"

"Yes, and other horses. When I was on the rm I often exercised Squire's horses for him, d he kep' hunters, good 'uns, too."

"My eye, but you *have* stolen a march on !" said Bill Simpson, one of his worst tor- entors. "You might at any rate have let us now you were applying for the mounted rce."

"Yes, and have had to put up with no end chipping from the lot of you. As it is the ugh's on my side."

And laughing good-humouredly, Bob walked t, leaving his comrades looking rather sheep- hly at each other.

In due time Bob got his horse and accoutre- ents; and very well indeed did he look in the addle, for he was a fine, strapping young fel- w and cut out for a cavalryman—being broad- houldered and long-limbed, but thin about the anks.

There was nothing of the country chaw- acon's slouch about him. But his old com- ades of the foot force were loath to leave him peace, feeling a little heartburning and alousy no doubt over his promotion, and they till unmercifully chaffed him whenever they ad an opportunity.

"Steady there!" one of them would sing out, s he drew rein alongside him in the street for chat. "Hadn't you better ride inside? Still, you put your arms round its neck, you won't all off, you know."

His new comrades of the mounted force were ot long, either, in following the lead of his ate comrades. There's nothing like example, nd nothing so catching as the desire to chip omebody.

But when his new chums started hiding his addle or bridle or his currycomb, he cured them promptly and effectually of that trick by coolly ppropriating the article in question nearest to is hand, and making use thereof, in spite of he indignant and blustering protests of its owner, until his own property was returned to him.

Series of burglaries in the district were at the time engaging the closest attention of the authorities. Although the police exercised the utmost vigilance, the burglaries went on uninterruptedly.

It was clear that at least two men were concerned in them, but who they were or how they contrived so long to elude discovery in the removal of their booty was a mystery that puzzled everybody.

In consequence Bob, along with his mounted comrades, had been told to keep his eyes well about him on his lonely night patrol of the less-frequented country roads.

He was walking his horse slowly along a quiet road, about two o'clock one morning, and as he passed a large house standing in its own grounds, he saw a flicker of light in one of the downstairs rooms.

"Now is that the owner prowling about, or—burglars?" he asked himself. "I'll go round to the back and watch."

He dismounted, walked his horse on the grass at the edge of the road, and turned into a back lane. Here he would not readily be seen and he could keep an eye on the house and spot anyone leaving it on practically any side.

As he turned the corner he was surprised to see before him a horse and van with the name of a well-known firm of carriers painted on the side of the tarpaulin covering. It struck him as odd that the van should be out so late and that there should be no van-boy in attendance.

"Hullo!" he suddenly exclaimed, as his horse limped. "What's the matter, old fellow? You surely haven't gone lame?"

With exceeding tenderness and concern he led the animal past the van round the angle in the lane.

He was proceeding to examine the hoof when he heard the low murmur of voices.

Springing back to the bend, he saw a couple of men creep out of the hedge beside the van and throw two large bundles into it.

"Stand!" he shouted promptly. "What are you doing with that van?"

The only reply was a startled oath. The men scrambled madly into the van, and together they thrashed the horse in the shafts with the whip and the reins till the animal tore off at a wild gallop.

Bob rushed back to his charger. He was on its back in a flash.

"I'm sorry, old fellow," he said, "but duty must be done. Overtake that van for me, and then I'll do what I can for your game leg."

He spurred furiously after the van, but for his horse's sake he kept to the grassy strip by the roadside.

Out into the high road the van swung on two wheels, and went careering away down the hill, rocking and swaying perilously. Webster thudded after it in hot pursuit.

He was overhauling the van when, to his amazement, it began to slacken speed. As he swept up alongside, the old roan drawing it dropped into a walk.

One glance explained matters. There was no one in the van.

The men had taken advantage of the darkness to spring into the thick plantation the road here cut through. To attempt to find them in it would have been like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack.

A hasty examination of the bundles in the van revealed a considerable quantity of valuable silver-plate and other goods, and the sight of so much swag in a measure compensated the young police-trooper for his bitter disappointment over losing the men.

"It's a pity you lost the men, Webster," said the superior when he presented himself at the station with the van and the roan in tow, "but you haven't done badly. You've spoilt their little game by capturing the van, and the owners of the stolen property will be glad enough to recover it. No wonder the rogues have baffled us so long. The idea of faking so well-known a carrier's cart!"

Webster was sore about his partial failure.

"I believe, sir, I can find the men for you," he said, "though I shouldn't know them again if I saw them; it was too dark. Don't ask me any questions if you please, sir, but leave it to me."

"Very good," his chief replied. "Try what you can do."

"Thank you, sir. By the way, may I look after the old roan horse that I captured with the van?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Webster. Someone will have to look after it."

To the great surprise of his comrades, who all knew how kind he generally was to animals, Webster put the old roan on short rations.

"What's the game, old chap?" he was asked by one or two of his mates. "Want us to put the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on your track?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," he answered with a grin; "if you don't know what the game is, you can't very well chaff me in case of failure. See?"

At the end of two days, Bob harnessed the roan to the van, and, leading it to the gate, turned it loose into the road.

He was in plain clothes and off duty at the time. Walking just behind on the footpath he was ready to take charge if necessary, but he left the animal entirely to its own resources, free to follow its own road.

And it did so. It kept to the main road for some distance and then turned down a side street. Bob had lighted the van lamps, for it was some time after dark.

Round this turning the roan plodded steadily, of its own accord, Bob keeping close behind it, until it had left the more crowded streets, and reached the open country. Then suddenly, in a quiet lane, it turned in at an open gate, leading to a farm, and stopped outside a stable-door.

Webster hid himself near by, and was not in hiding long before a man came out of the farmhouse.

At sight of the horse and van at the stable-door, he ran back to the house.

"Why, Tom—Tom!" the watcher could hear him shouting, "here's the old roan come back with the van. It must have run off from the cops. and found its way home."

Tom came hurrying out of the house, and the two men went up to the roan and patted and fondled it.

"Good old sport! Good old Teddy! By gum, you're——"

Bob stepped out of his hiding.

"Stand, both of you, or I'll shoot," he ordered, covering them with a revolver. "I am a policeman off duty, and you are my prisoners. Right about face, the pair of you, and march before me to the police-station. I'm the trooper who chased you in that van two nights ago, if you want to know. Keep your hands up, and don't attempt to bolt or any other hanky-panky, unless you want some holes in your anatomy."

THE THUNDERSTORM

A NATURE STUDY.

The early summer day dawned drowsily in a dry and enervating haze, inducing an uncomfortable stickiness about the body and making every article of clothing into a close and stuffy burden grievous to be borne.

No breath of air stirred throughout the wide farm-dotted plain which lay vibrating in the steaming vapour. The distant range of hills seemed to have changed its place during the night, and now appeared to stand at twice its usual distance, wrapped as it was in blue electrical mists, its peaks and beacons looking down into the sweltering valley, almost audibly sizzling, like a simmering pot, in the beating sun.

UNEASY NATURE.

Myriads of minute black wriggling insects —"thunderbobs" we called them—were busy on every inch of exposed flesh, stinging, irritating, and necessitating constant attention, while the larger flies buzzed with a worrying persistence round about the face.

"There's thunder in the air," we all agreed, and we hoped the promise of a storm would be fulfilled.

The scene was one of intense and striking grandeur. In one unbroken circle round the entire horizon piles upon piles of immense creamy white cloud had gathered in full strength.

The valley lay sweltering, almost writhing, in the parching breathless stillness. Cattle stood knee-deep in the drinking ponds, whisking the torturing flies from flank and face incessantly; horses pressed close beneath the trees stamping and twitching with discomfort; and the flocks lay in every sheltered corner, panting from sheer exhaustion.

APPROACHING.

Even the birds remained beneath the thickest foliage, only now and then dropping to the quickly drying stream to bathe and drink. Only the wild black swifts kept up their whirling flight above the village street, screaming as they rose and fell with lightning speed.

Lying down upon the cracking ground and drooping grass, we felt the pulse of earth throbbing leisurely in sympathy with all its stricken creatures.

Imperceptibly the sun began to hide itself behind the still accumulating clouds.

Presently a deep reverberating breath that scarcely reached the hardness of a sound came floating over the valley, now grown gloomy and foreboding, and we knew the storm had broken. Soon it would make its majestic progress towards our hills, and we should see and hear the fires and thunders of the clouds let loose upon the grateful earth.

Again that indescribable yet unmistakable low-booming breath came floating to us, at every repetition growing more menacing and distinct.

The angry black curtain rose imperceptibly higher and higher beyond the hills, increasing in fierce intensity with every boom of thunder.

Now and then a flicker of the lightning shone through, even at so great a distance and in the light of early afternoon.

Watching intently the developments immediately at hand, we hardly noticed the storm's insidious approach, so much was there to claim the mind's full thought.

Across the black barrier a hurrying pigeon made for shelter from the coming downpour, its slate-blue plumage showing up in ghastly frightened pallor; men hurried to and fro about the farms and cottages; and a sense of imminent catastrophe filled every living creature.

Then suddenly there came the warning of the storm's immediate approach: an agitated, fitful, whirling wind set every leaf in motion; the vane upon the steeple swung round to face the gust; a second's pause—and then a blinding flash cut across the clouds.

HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY.

Hurrying after it, with just a second's ominous and awful pause, the thunder rolled; at first the harsh, sharp clatter, the "brattle" as the country folk so aptly call it, followed by the deep resounding, shattering bang, the boring growl; and then the rolling echoes through a thousand clouds.

Downhill we ran—but not before the shaken clouds had dropped their drenching rains upon us—and once beneath the shelter of the cottage porch, deep in the lowest wrinkle of the valley, we watched the storm expend its violence above.

We had courted the experience, but nevertheless we were afraid, though deliciously so; strong as we were, there was something terrifying in this outburst of nature.

Sheet upon sheet of rain swamped the parched earth that gave back that strange delicious fragrance only thunder rains call forth.

And so it passed away with many a flashing and rumbling, leaving in its path pale watery skies above and infinite refreshment on the earth. Far into the quiet evening the rolling thunder boomed across the land. Low on the far horizon the flickering lightning played about the distant hills, until at last both earth and sky fell silent and contented through the few remaining hours of the short summer night.

C. GERRARD.

ROLLING HOME.

A friend of mine who is an enthusiastic "homer" flier is not so very sure that the fact of our being an island is an advantage.

"We have the case of the Lancashire pigeon," he says, "which flew from San Sebastian, covering a distance of 830 miles, but what is this compared with the American record of a pigeon which flew 1,700 miles? If it were not for the fact that the sea prevents longer flights, I am sure that our English pigeons would beat any that are bred elsewhere. As it is, when we send them to France or Spain, we lose quite a quarter of the number despatched, for the homer is nervous of water, and when he has to cross a sheet of it like the Channel, he is very apt to lose his head and fall in."

I imagine that the dislike which homers apparently have for crossing the sea, might be overcome by special training, and by breeding from those birds which have accomplished successful sea flights. I am the more inclined to this belief by recollecting the case of the pigeons flown by Sir John Ross, who set off in the *Felix* in search of Franklin's expedition. The pigeons he took with him belonged to a lady in Ayrshire, and he released them from Melville Bay.

Exactly six days later one of the birds reached its loft in Scotland, having covered a distance of no less than 2,400 miles. It is pleasant to reflect that this is considerably better than the American record, and I fancy that it could be surpassed by many British pigeons of to-day, for the breed has been infinitely improved during the past twenty years.

A NEW SENSATION.

HOW IT ALTERS A MAN'S OUTLOOK

The finding of a new sensation is wor king's ransom. It makes the world a n place to be in. I have just found one; it come to me through joining a Yeomanry c

As I write this, just after my first mou drill, the sting of our Sergeant-Major's to is still ringing in my ears.

Our "Major" is rather stout and very d fied. His uniform fits perfectly; his legg are spotless and new; his spurs flash a walks across the tan beneath the arc lamps illuminate the riding school. He has a strong Irish accent.

"Ride!" he remarked courteously to eighteen of us who were making a circus r him. "None of you lot will ever ride excep a wheelbarrow!"

While we were doing our best to master difficulties of "left incline" and "right incl he generously interpolated that he had n seen anything so beautiful since his last visi Donnybrook Fair.

Just before we dismissed he said: "Any age lot would learn in three days what I've teaching you, but it's taken you half-a-d and you're not up to it yet. Where are brains? Somewhere down in your boots I pose, for they're certainly not in your head

A newly-fledged subaltern was standing one end of the school. He was fulfilling very useful office of forming a sort of boun post, for we had to ride between him and wall and not behind him.

I imagine he must have smarted a litt hearing the men, who were supposed to be drubbed down in this manner by another, he said nothing; doubtless he realised the geant-Major's superiority in the matter of perience and appreciated his own humility. how he seemed humble.

I don't know that I was favourably impr by everything connected with the even drill. The powerlessness of the suba seemed to me rather pitiable; the jests o Sergeant-Major were ridiculous and often dignified; we were kept at it much too h and when we returned to the stable we wer a bath of sweat, especially one chap who riding in a thick woollen sweater instead o shirt sleeves like the rest of us.

But after a rub-down a change came me. I was imbued with the novelty of the perience; the sweating had cleared the tob from my system and made me fresh in body mind.

I did not fully realise the glory of it all was going back home on the top of a tram I looked at the old shop signs that I had so many times before; and they seemed t more interesting, less harsh and obtrusive. people whom I saw beside me and in the st also appeared more likeable.

I was looking at the world through coloured spectacles, because I was still the influence of a new sensation.

I have not lost the full effect of it, and I pect that it will continue to colour my life some bigger sensation comes along. Anyho has made me realise that a new and hea sensation—whether it be military work, athle or anything else—is a thing worth cultivatin

If you go on in the ordinary humdrum w never doing anything out of the common, get through the week without having anyth to look back upon at the end of it.

A week spent like that can hardly be said have been lived; the time has just been put

But when you freshen yourself up occas ally by finding a new sensation, you take o vigour that you have not known before.

Don't look for one that will cost you m than it is worth, but choose something that health; sport and soldiering are the things t have given me a new sensation, and they p vide an infinite variety.

B. PROFFIT

HIRING TIME.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

he young countryman, whether farmer or t, this time of year is eventful, for in parts of the country hiring fairs are tak- ace.

he fair approaches, the farmer who is con- ith his man and anxious to retain him, to consider what increase of pay will this end. Or perhaps he congratulates f upon soon parting with an indifferent r, yet feels some misgivings as to what ext will be like.

ere are two things I hate to go about," re- d a West countryman. "One is to buy a and the other is to hire a chap. You never what you be a-getting hold of."

versely, when speaking of "places," young says: "You can never tell where you be ng to."

ng Hopeful, glad at the thought that the pedagogue can whack him no more, be- ife on his own account. He is taken by re or less fond parents to be hired at the nd he may now be regarded as a com- l asset on the family balance sheet.

se and cattle dealing, hiring, and amuse- go merrily on, and the sleepy old town is transformed. The stock market is fre- y held in the streets. Pens are erected for and pigs, while horses and cattle are kept er somehow without such aids.

must walk warily, especially in the horse or equine hoofs sometimes fly out in dan- s wise. Now and again a pig makes a for liberty, and while the chase which s provides good enough sport for by- ers, the animal's owner does not see it in ight.

the human interest is keenest over the , though there is far less of it now than rly. Farmhouse service is unpopular now- Young fellows want more amusement ore leisure than country life affords, not- tanding the "back to the land" cry.

ung chaps used to come a-hiring in smock- ," said an old farmer, "but now they be essed up in broadcloth."

ges, too, have risen. "I recollect," said me man, "when you could get a strongish for £8 or £9 a year, while now you have give £15 to £20.

acquaintances are renewed, and the cters of masters and mistresses, men and are freely discussed. You may hear such gues as the following:

ell, Bill! Where hast thee been a-livin'?"

h! Up in Radnorshire—waggoner."

oodish place?"

retty tidy; but uncommon awkward id."

ast thee hired on again?"

o, I be a-gwine down hill, Hereford way."

hat to do?"

ll manner o' work, and plough after one

old farmer meets a former hand.

ou're lookin' bad," says he. "Been ill?"

h, no. I be quite sharp, thankee."

ell, you're not half the man you used to hen you were with me."

old dog!

e hiring over, the holiday proper begins, he fun goes on till late. Then come a few at home, and the transfer of some hard- d cash to the family exchequer. A new ut is purchased, and during the next week may see many a stout fellow tramping off s new berth.

rhaps he is thinking, this will be his last to "live in," having lately parted from one whom he hopes may keep him company cottage of his own. Or he may even have ns of "a bit of a place for himself, some

od luck to him! For he has more wit and gy than townsmen give him credit for.

J. PHILLIPS.

SPORTING • STORIES

DEVELOPING.

Mr. Blinkinsop determined to take a course of riding lessons. Don't think from this that he was much of a sport; he wasn't; he had just come into a bit of money and considered that riding was one of the correct things to do, don't you know.

The riding master smiled a smole when he gathered these facts, for he knew the type and the lack of pluck that pertained to it.

After the first lesson the old, old story was repeated; Mr. Blinkinsop said the horse didn't suit him, his breeches and gaiters were too tight, and so forth.

Next time they gave him a different horse, and he had bought himself a fresh outfit; but, even so, things went no better with him.

Then somebody fooled him that he ought to rub himself with embrocation, and that night he diligently anointed and massaged his thigh muscles. At the third lesson he divulged his discovery to his instructor, and the latter didn't laugh—till after he had gone.

At the fourth lesson the riding master asked how the embrocating business was doing.

Mr. Blinkinsop sighed.

"I'm sore all over now," he said, "and I'd have to bathe in the beastly stuff before it could do me any good. Last night I smashed the bottle; I've made up my mind to take my chance. Give me the roughest horse in the stable."

And the riding master smiled—openly this time—for he saw that there had developed a possibility of making Mr. Blinkinsop a horseman.

PARTIAL SUCCESS.

The golfer was inclined to be at times rather short of temper, especially when he foozled a ball.

Then he said dramatic things.

He was a golfer.

There was in his club one, a clergyman, who objected very much to strong language, and the golfer objected a little himself, though he felt he couldn't help it—the circumstances were so provoking.

The clergyman was a practical sort of chap and suggested a cure.

"My friend," said he, "every time you use a strong word, you should penalise yourself by picking up a stone and carrying it in your pocket for the rest of the day."

Next day the clergyman met the golfer as the latter was returning home, and he demanded that he should turn out his pockets. In them were only half-a-dozen little stones, and the man of the cloth was pleased.

"You've done well," he said. "I'm glad the cure is working."

But the golfer sighed.

He might have bluffed a bit, but that was hardly in his line.

He sighed again, a sigh of size, and the parson's brow clouded.

"Isn't it working?" he asked anxiously.

"These," said the golfer, "are only the damns. The ——s are following in a cart."

HAPPY NIGHTS.

VII. IN THE RAIN.

I was caught in the rain unprepared and without the faintest hope of shelter.

It was in Devonshire, on a wild part of Dartmoor, with never a house for miles. The day had been fair when I started for a long tramp on the moor, and there had been little except a few gathering clouds to suggest rain till darkness had almost fallen. Then it came down plump.

The moon showed only now and again, its face curtained and revealed alternately by the driving clouds.

The wind and the rain lashed my face and soaked me through. I had not so much as a bicycle cape to protect me.

Along the moorland track I stumbled, slipping every now and again on the loose stones that lay upon it, feeling the water squelching between my toes, conscious that it was running from my head down my neck.

But I was happy. I would have whistled or sung had it not been that the strength of the wind prevented any sound coming even so far as from my mouth to my ears.

Once I missed my way and floundered into a ditch, but even that seemed, on such a night as this, to be a pleasing adventure. I was so wet and dirty that I could not be worse, and I did not trouble to pick my way when I got down to the main road, but splashed through the pools as they presented themselves.

When I got back to the farm I was in a filthy condition, but after a bath I felt cleaner than I had ever done. The wind and the rain had purified my body and refreshed my mind.

J. M. GILL.

THINGS SEEN.

XIII. THE JIBBING HORSE.

The van was one belonging to a firm of wholesale newsagents, and there was nothing remarkable about it or the horse yoked to it, except the latter's position.

The van was stationary at the edge of the pavement, and the horse was stationary also, but *on* the pavement.

He had jibbed.

No one seems to know why a horse jibs, but the fact that horses do this is painfully well-known to every driver.

The driver in this case was tugging at the reins and flogging the horse, but without the slightest effect. It seemed as if nothing short of a charge of dynamite could have persuaded him to leave the pavement. So the driver got down from his seat, placed himself on his horse's near side, grasped his bridle and pulled with all his strength. But still the horse refused to move.

The usual idle crowd gathered round, but nobody seemed to know what ought to be done.

The driver was still struggling when a young man—apparently a clerk out for his lunch—came up. He placed his hands against the off-side of the horse and simply pushed.

Nobody offered to help him.

The onlookers laughed; it seemed so ridiculous for him to suppose that his strength was sufficient to move the horse, but it did move it.

Slowly, step by step, the horse shifted over till he stood on the cobble stones once more; when he got there he shook his head, tacitly intimating that the fit had passed and that he was once more ready for business.

The young man who had done it all was about to continue his journey, but I took the liberty of stopping him and asking him how he knew so much about horses, for he did not look to be a horsey man by trade.

"I am in the Yeomanry," he told me, "and the things they teach you there sometimes come in handy."

I freely admitted that they did.

G. BULCRAIG.

GENTLEMEN OFFICERS.

As a soldier, I am often asked by my friends why we submit to the system of having gentlemen for officers. It is pointed out to me that in all other vocations a man has the chance of rising from the lowest to the highest position, but in the Army the opportunity of a ranker ever becoming a general is very remote.

I for one am not sorry.

I was once under a captain who had been promoted from the ranks. He was the most unpleasant officer we men ever had. Apart from his objectionable manner, however, he had also the terrible military fault of being lacking in leadership. A man likes to feel that his commander is something better than himself, possessed of more education and so on; where he has to follow a man of his own class and take instructions from him, he always has a feeling of resentment.

Perhaps this should not be, but it is so, and you will not find many soldiers who want a change in the matter of the Army being officered by gentlemen, born and bred.

A TIP FOR CYCLISTS AND OTHERS.

Often when cycling, motoring, riding or driving one is bothered by wind or rain forcing its way up the sleeve.

It is a well-known fact that if you keep the wrists warm, it is the best way to keep the hands warm also. The following tip, therefore, may be useful to many whose business or pleasure takes them abroad in all weathers.

Keep a pair of spare trouser clips and fold your sleeves close to the wrists, and fix them in the same way as you would a trouser.

The clips can be made useful for numerous other purposes. The end of one species will made a good screwdriver. Another is made for use as a padlock when not being worn.

The cyclist when mending a puncture can turn a clip to account by placing a penny on each side of the inner tube and using the clip to hold the patch in place between them.

KEEPING HAND-BAGS TIDY.

As you come to work each morning you see many men carrying hand-bags, but very few take the trouble to give these useful articles the attention they deserve.

A hand-bag, unlike the human body, is not a self-repairing machine, and if you want it to look well you must occasionally give any part that is rubbed a touch of brown boot polish and a rub with a rag.

In the ordinary small hand-bag there is always a flat crease at each end when the bag is closed, and in this crease dust harbours. This should be cleaned out from time to time.

Also the metal fittings, whether they be nickel-plated or brass, should be given an occasional rub. The man who takes pride in his appearance does not want to carry a bag that looks untidy.

Leather hand-bags and portmanteaux that have got into a very bad state through much travelling should be surrendered to the tender mercies of a saddler.

He can usually "do them up" so that they look almost as good as new.

From our Readers

HORSES AS ADVERTISEMENTS.

It has often been said that the shopkeeper's best advertisement is a well-dressed window, but there is one which almost, if not quite, equals this, although it is not so generally recognised.

This is a smart horse and cart. That this fact is recognised by our larger firms is evident when one remembers the beautiful pairs of light cart horses employed by the whiskey, mineral water, and other firms.

Then there is a Regent Street firm who keep nothing but piebalds and skewbalds.

It must be evident to anyone with a knowledge of horses that this is too expensive to be a mere whim, but it is a splendid advertisement.

Again there is a firm of dairymen who employ only a small but sturdy lot of ponies. The intelligence of these animals always attracts attention, which must be of benefit to the firm who keep them.

Amongst the smaller firms, drapers and butchers seem to be about the only firms who recognise the value of a smart horse, which is a pity, because a good horse will always repay his first cost if only as an advertisement.

It is also a good idea to give your carter some distinctive dress, not a slovenly uniform such as the railway companies supply to their men, but something novel and attractive.

SHARPENING YOUR KNIFE.

A blunt pen-knife is worse than no use, and yet most pen-knives are allowed to remain blunt.

It costs only about 2d. a time to have a pen-knife properly sharpened up either at a cutler's or by a travelling knife-grinder; but it is not even necessary to make this small expenditure.

The doorstep furnishes you with a very simple hone. If the knife is very blunt, pour a little water on the step and then rub the knife upon it, taking care that the rubbing is done backwards and not forwards.

If your knife is only a little dull, you can sharpen it up on the side of your boot in the same style as you would a razor. You can do this at an odd moment, as when you are waiting for a friend or when you are travelling in the train and so forth, and the result will be both satisfactory and conducive to your comfort.

A proper hone to be used with oil will cost very little at any ironmonger's, and you can easily make a wooden case yourself.

LICK THE ENVELOPE.

One often hears it said that the gum on postage stamps and envelopes is made of the refuse of slaughter-houses or similar pleasant materials, and one is exhorted to use a little sponge or some form of "stamp-damper," instead of licking them, as most of us continue to do.

But there is a far simpler expedient than the stamp-damper, which is never there when we want it, and is at best a nuisance.

Why not lick the envelope? If you lick the corner of the envelope when sticking on a postage stamp, or the ungummed side of the envelope when sealing it, you will not come into contact with the unpleasant gum, whatever it may be made of. Personally I believe that in the case of postage stamps at least it is perfectly pure, though the gum used on cheap envelopes is by no means good stuff to lick.

A GUINEA EVERY WEEK.

Have you sent in your paragraph yet? If not, try your hand. If you have, try again.

Let us have something with plenty of masculine interest in it.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. G. Noonan, 14, Ruston Mews, St. Mark's Road, North Kensington, for "Horses as Advertisements.

STRONG LANGUAGE.

For two successive evenings I have watched Territorials drilling. The Sergeant-Major in one case had a sharp tongue, but in the other his tongue was a stinging lash.

The men who were drilling under the instruction of the milder Sergeant-Major were considerably better riders and better at their drill than those under the man of vitriol.

The milder instructor occasionally said: "That's very nice. Always do it like that and you will be a credit to yourselves." The other did not make one kind remark in the course of the whole evening.

Yet the sharp tongue of the harsher instructor had its advantages. He called to his men to number off and they numbered slowly. Then he swore at them, long and loud, and the next time they numbered in the best imaginable style.

The mild instructor went through this same process on the following evening. His men numbered badly the first time. He remonstrated with them mildly and told them to number again, but at the second try they did not number nearly so well as did those of the previous night who had been roundly cursed.

It would seem that an occasional bit of strong language is necessary to military efficiency, but it is equally certain that occasional encouragement is required also.

PACKING.

There are extraordinary few men who know how to pack their clothes properly, and still fewer who will take the trouble to do it.

The best way of insuring against leaving important things behind is to start getting your belongings together some days, if possible, before you leave.

It is also a good plan to put various small articles in separate receptacles inside your bag or trunk, and to keep a collar box for your collars, a sponge bag for all your washing tackle, boot bags for your boots, and so on.

The empty bags or boxes, if left in the portmanteau or suit case or whatever you most frequently use, will serve to remind you of what they should contain, besides making it easier to pack them.

Moreover, when you are continually packing articles of the same bulk and shape, as you will then be doing, you will soon learn the best method of packing them and the labour and time taken will be greatly lessened.

The actual position of your belongings in the portmanteau is more a matter of commonsense than anything else, but of course you will put shirts and trousers at the bottom, where they can lie flat, and boots and hard or square articles round the edges, while socks are most useful things for filling up corners.

A REARING HORSE.

In the course of a long experience with horses, I have never yet known one to fall over on a man without the rider being to blame. I have seen many horses come over on myself, riders, and two have come over on me, in one case spraining my wrist, besides giving me a general shaking up; but in every instance, my own experiences included, the fault has been the rider's.

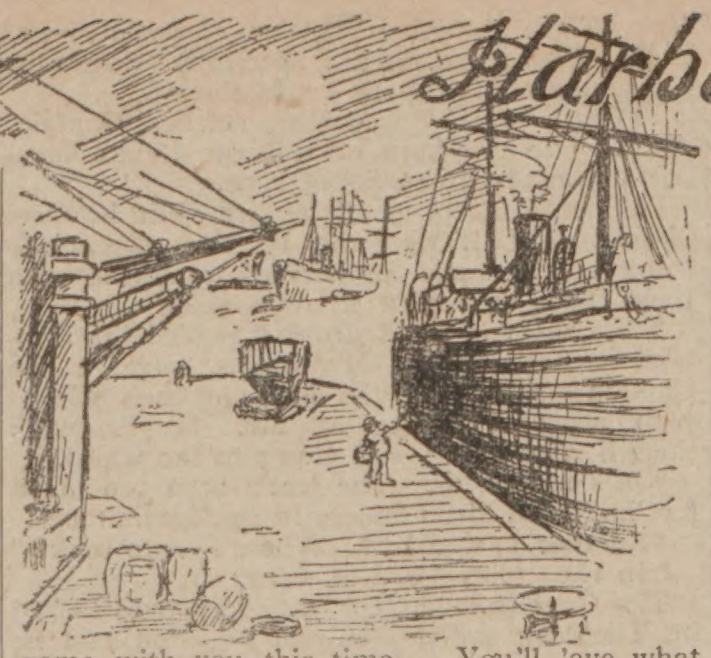
When a horse misbehaves himself in any way, when you see that he is not ready to let your will suffice for both, your instinct is to pull at his mouth. If the horse is going to bolt, this, of course, is the right thing to do; but if the horse rears, you must overcome your natural instinct and act in the only possible manner which will prevent catastrophe. If you keep pulling him when he is on his hind legs he will fall over on you for certain.

The right thing to do is to drop your hands and throw yourself a little forward, so as to maintain the proper balance. Your horse may dance about for a step or two on his hind legs, but, unless you are pulling him, he will not fall over on you.

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

In Harbour.

By RADCLIFFE MARTIN.



aptain Bates rubbed his
ds together as he sat at
kfast with the mate.
Four 'undred pounds, two cottages, and a
le," he said; "it's a bit of luck that is, Mr.
rews."
Skippers' luck, not mates' luck," replied the
e enviously.
Pity the missis isn't alive now. It'd 'ave
sed 'er. Bless me! 'ow often she reckoned
what we'd get after my uncle Thomas died,
after all she went first."
Yes, she'd like to 'ave been in at the spend-
of it," said the mate, recalling the late Mrs.
s' propensity for indulging in gorgeous
nets.
he Captain seemed to find comfort in this
ark, for his face brightened and he said,
ter all, I suppose all things is for the best.
re ain't many women 'oo can be trusted
money, Mr. Andrews."
None," said the mate with emphasis. Then
hought struck him, and he proceeded,
raps you'll be giving up the sea now?"
No, there's a work for me to do 'ere. I've
an idea about spendin' some of this money.
at do you say to me reforming this crew!"
You'd best buy a gun then," answered the
e, "there's no reforming them while they're
e. You spend that money reforming mates
at's my advice."
Look 'ere, Mr. Andrews, I've tried 'ard
ds long enough on these 'ands of mine.
v if you can't make a donkey go by kicks,
can make 'im go by carrots. I've sluiced
with cold water when they've come stagger-
aboard. I've stopped their shore leave.
given 'em the rough side of my tongue,
they're a drunkener set of dock rats than
n I started with 'em. I'm going to try
pathy an' rewards now. Call all 'ands when
go on deck, an' I'll explain my idea to
."
Righto," responded the mate, "but don't you
saying afterwards that I put you up to it."
he crew gazed sheepishly at the Captain as
stood in a group awaiting him. The mate
kindly relieved the man at the wheel, in
er that he should not miss the oration.
See here," began the Captain, "most of you
sailed with me five years or more, an' a
nkener set of hogs I don't wish to see. Now
shall be a week at Seaforth dischargin'
go, and I don't want the goin's on we 'ad
trip. It made me 'ot with shame to find
of my 'ands dancin' in sea-boots on the
y."
It were with a policeman, sir," said William
nks with the air of one offering a satisfactory
lanation.
That only makes it worse. A man who's
t drunk that he grabs a fat policeman round
waist an' waltzes with 'im, is worse than
hog. Would a hog do that?"
There was no reply to the Captain's question.
l Banks' conscience told him that under no
cumstances would a hog even contemplate the
sibility of waltzing with a policeman.
An' I 'ad to advance another of you part of
wages to pay a fine for 'im 'ittin' a pot-boy on
nose with a spittoon. 'Ot with shame I was
en the magistrate said in court that when-
er the 'Ocean Queen' come to Seaforth some
'er crew come before 'im."
The Captain paused to see the result of his
quence on the delinquent, but Jim Flinders
erely shook his head and looked reproachfully
Alf Baggs.
"It's you, Jim Flinders, I mean."
"Beg pardon, sir, but as I telled the
agistrate the pot-boy was fightin' drunk an'
in' to 'it me with the spittoon, when 'e
ought it down on 'is own nose."
The Captain grunted ferociously. "An' Larry
oods there was disgraceful rampin' drunk.
ow I did think of stoppin' all shore leave while
e was in port, but I'm goin' to try another
game with you this time. You'll 'ave what shore leave you want, you'll go where you pleases, an' the man of you 'oo doesn't get drunk durin' the week 'll 'ave five pounds for 'imself. There's generosity for you."

The mate at the wheel nearly allowed the spokes to slip from his grasp with astonishment. The crew stared amazedly at the Captain till a shrill voice piped out, "That's five quid safe for me any'ow."

"My offer don't apply to boys," said the Captain hurriedly, "if I see a boy on the downward path, I'll 'elp 'im up again pretty smart with a strap."

"S'cuse me, sir," said the cook, "but supposin' two of us keeps sober."

"Then they'll get two pound ten each, an' if you all keep sober you'll get a pound each, an' never would it give me greater pleasure to 'and out five golden sovereigns. An' that's all I've got to say to you."

Directly the Captain had left them the crew began to talk over this remarkable offer.

"Bes' cap'n I ever sailed with," said Alf Baggs enthusiastically. "I knows 'ow I'll spend my five quid. I'll 'ave a barrel o' beer in my 'ouse direckly I gets 'ome from this trip."

"So you thinks you're sure to get it! Wot about me?" inquired Bill Banks.

"There's only one way any of us can get anythin'," said Jim Flinders. "One of us 'll 'ave to stay aboard all the time. We'll lock 'im in the cook's galley. Then when 'e's won the prize 'e can divide it with the others. You can lock me up if you likes."

"A nice chance we should 'ave o' gettin' any o' that five pound out o' you," said Alf Baggs sarcastically.

Now by some malignant whim of nature the arrival of the "Ocean Queen" at Seaforth Harbour coincided with the coming of a heat wave. After toiling hard at getting the cargo out all day, the crew sat on deck in the evening and panted. The Captain went ashore with a parting word to the hands that they must not forget the prize. The mate, with callous cruelty, strolled to a public house within very sight of the quay. Even Albert, the boy, gazed cheerfully on the sulky faces of the crew, and remarked casually that he was off to have a gallon or so of beer. Mr. Baggs hurled a boot at the malignant imp's head, but the boy ducked and the boot fell between the vessel and the quay side.

"You get a line out an' fish for that boot, Alf," said the boy; "it ain't sunk in more than five foot of water."

Before Mr. Baggs could throw the companion boot the boy was out of sight, and the injured mariner had to content himself with vowing terrific vengeance. The crew sat and sulked and looked at the little port. They felt it to be a hideous injustice that so many hostelries should be in full view from the shore. Soon a few loafers emerged from the public house the mate had gone to and strolled down to the quay. A stout man with a very red face came and stared at the crew with admirably simulated curiosity.

"So this is the teetotal crew," he exclaimed. "Well, I should never 'ave believed it from the look of 'em."

"'Ere," said the stout gentleman to his friends. "I'll show you what these teetotallers is worth. Now watch 'em run. First man ashore I'll stan' a quart to."

At this tantalising offer William Banks spoke out. He described the stout gentleman's appearance, character, and ultimate destiny in fitting though lurid language.

"Well, well," said the stout man when Bill Banks' vocabulary showed signs of becoming exhausted, "if you'll take a word of advice from me, you'll get some good drink an' wash that mouth of yours out. It needs it. Good-night all. I'm off to 'ave a pint or so before closin' time."

"It's workin' splendid," said the Captain to the mate on his return, when the crew had stolen one by one to their bunks.

"I don't know," replied the latter in dubious tones.

"Why, they're all as sober as judges," said the Captain.

"It isn't that. You'll have some of them making away with themselves before this week is over. But don't you worry. I'll tell the jury you meant it all for the best."

For four successive evenings did the crew keep up their dreary vigil on the "Sea Queen." On the fifth night Jim Flinders said, "I ain't goin' to stand this any longer. I'm going ashore."

A gleam of joy passed over the faces of the other hands, and they spent the next hour discussing the great arithmetical problem as to what sum a fourth share of five pounds would amount to. Whilst all were endeavouring to enlighten the cook, who persisted that Mr. Flinders' inebriety would make his (the cook's) individual share two pounds ten, Mr. Flinders suddenly returned in a perfectly sober condition. The disappointment was too much for the cook, who instantly offered to fight Mr. Flinders for his lost one pound ten.

"'Ush, cookie," said Mr. Flinders, "we'll 'ave no scrappin' 'ere, else the old man 'll take it into 'is 'ead that we're all drunk, an' keep the prize money 'imself."

A little old man with a basket came down, and motioned to them from the quay.

"Wot do you want, old 'un?" said Alf Baggs.

"I've got somethin' to sell on the quiet. Can I come aboard?"

No one made any objection, and the old man scrambled aboard the "Ocean Queen."

"Now look 'ere, gentlemen, I've got somethin' that 'll open your eyes. Do you see these 'ere bottles?"

"We wants no drink 'ere—at least I doesn't," replied the cook, gazing affectionately at the bottles.

"This is a new kind o' drink. See what's writ on the label—'Temperance Whiskey'—tastes the same as whiskey, smells the same, warms you up jus' the same, but I guarantee it wouldn't make you drunk if you took a barrel of it. 'Arf-a-crown a pint bottle. It's what you might call a Band of 'Ope spirit."

"I never 'as drunk no temperance drinks," said Larry Woods, adding with an air of noble resolution, "and I never will."

"Let's 'ave a look at one o' them bottles," said Jim Flinders. "Um, it smells all right. Look 'ere, old feller, you 'aven't been put up to this dodge to Captain Bates, 'ave you—to make us drunk unknowin' like?"

"Strike me pink if ever I see or 'eard of 'im," said the vendor of the strange fluid.

"Well, it's dear, but I'll risk 'arf a dollar on a bottle. Only, old feller, if this makes me screwed an' loses me five pound, I'll wring your bloomin' neck for you."

"Anyone else say a bottle?" asked the old man. "No? Well, I'll come again to-morrow night. I've got one customer, an' with me one customer allers makes more."

Mr. Flinders sat and drank his new purchase

with an air of intense enjoyment. The others watched him in the hope of perceiving symptoms of intoxication.

"'Ow's it taste?" inquired the cook after a few moments.

"I couldn't tell it from real whiskey," replied Jim Flinders, "excep' that it doesn't seem to be gettin' any 'old of me. Now you knows that two or three whiskies makes me go shaky in the legs. Look at me now."

Mr. Flinders paraded the deck with remarkable steadiness. Then he drank the health of everyone present out of the bottle, he even proposed the healths of the absent captain and mate. Mr. Flinders was evidently enjoying himself, and yet to the anxious eyes of his mates he seemed perfectly sober.

At last, when there was only a trifle of liquor left in the bottle, Bill Banks jumped up. "'Ere, Jim, let's 'ave a taste."

Mr. Flinders looked at the bottle and then shook his head. "No, Bill, it might make you screwed; besides, it's too good to spare. If you'd spoken a bit earlier you might 'ave 'ad some, but there's only one good drink left and I can't spare it."

So saying Mr. Flinders drained the bottle to the dregs and dropped it overboard. The next evening the crew of the "Ocean Queen" looked eagerly for the arrival of the old stranger. Directly he came in sight he was hailed. Everybody bought a bottle except the cook, who only had eighteenpence. However, Jim Flinders, in a fit of generosity, advanced him a shilling, and the cook's face shone with joy.

"It tastes all right," said Bill Banks.

"P'r'aps the real stuff's a bit more full flavoured," said the cook critically.

"Ah," said Alf Baggs meditatively, "if I'd only known of this temperance whiskey before, what pounds it'd 'ave saved me in police court fines."

"It's a very 'markable 'scovery," murmured Larry Woods.

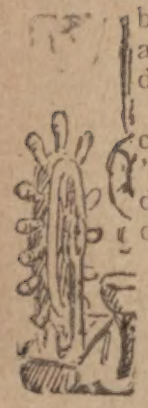
"Nothin' more wonderful since the shteam engine," observed the cook.

"I'm feelin' that if I could alwaysh drinksh this, I could addresh hands o' bope myshelf," remarked Alf Baggs.

"I shallneverdrinksnothinbutthish," cried the cook, running his words together in curious fashion.

Mr. Flinders sat and smiled on his fellows, till suddenly Bill Banks took offence and announced his intention of punching his head. Mr. Banks rose to effect his purpose, but unfortunately toppled over a mass of rope and incontinently went to sleep. The cook stared at Mr. Banks' prostrate body, took another draught from his bottle to quicken his intellect, and then said that if Bill Banks was lazy and going to sleep he (the cook) wasn't—he had dinner to get ready. So at half-past ten by the clock the cook staggered to the galley and busied himself in ineffectual efforts to make sea-pie. Larry Woods, after sitting on the deck and shedding tears over his misspent life, suddenly was overcome by the delusion that he was the captain of the "Ocean Queen," and half staggered, half rolled down the hatchway to go to sleep in the cabin. As for Alf Baggs, his sense of duty was so strong that espying the wheel as he finished his bottle he rushed to his post. For half-an-hour Mr. Baggs steered the "Ocean Queen" through imaginary seas and then, still clutching the spokes, collapsed on the wheel.

Curiously enough the liquor seemed to have produced very little effect on Mr. Flinders. On hearing a hail from the vendor of temperance whiskey, who was loafing about the quay, he went ashore, and some monetary transaction apparently involving much haggling having been concluded between them, he returned aboard, and sat waiting till Captain Bates came down to the ship with a few friends.



"Look 'ere," began the Captain, "that's the crew I told you about at the meetin'. How 'ave I made 'em temperate an' sober? Not by drivin' them. It's kindness 'as done it. Not one of 'em's tasted liquor since we was in port 'ere. Come aboard an' see 'em for yourselves."

Mr. Flinders saluted respectfully when the Captain and his friends came aboard.

"What's that?" said the startled Captain, pointing to the form of William Banks inextricably involved in coils of rope.

"Gone to sleep, sir," replied Jim Flinders simply, as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world for persons to repose with their heads embedded in rope coils.

"'E's drunk—'orrid drunk," replied the Captain, as he bent over Mr. Banks' form. The Captain gazed round the deck and then pointed with accusing finger at Mr. Baggs, who, though slumbering, still clung to the wheel.

"'E's restin' sir. The 'eat's been too much for 'im," said Mr. Flinders in apologetic tones.

"Another backslider! Where's that cook?"

"In the galley—'ard at work, sir."

The Captain stepped to the galley and looked in. The cook smiled feebly at him and said he was sorry dinner was late, but the potatoes hadn't peeled the boy.

"Drunk as a hog," cried the Captain; "thinks it's dinner-time. Where's that Woods?"

"In your cabin, sir."

"In where?"

"It's the 'ot weather, sir. Sun's got to 'is 'ead. Said 'e was the captain of the 'Ocean Queen,' sir, an' 'e would sleep there."

The Captain looked ruefully at his friends. Then a thought stuck him and he brightened. "Why, Flinders, at any rate there's one of you kep' sober. I misjudged you, my man. I thought you'd be the very first to go. Now I'm a man of my word. If you'll come to my cabin with me and 'elp me to sling that drunken vagabond out of it, I'll pay you that five pounds right away. You're a better man than I took you for, Jim Flinders, an' you may tell anyone that I said so."

The next noon as the Captain and mate sat at dinner together in the cabin, the former said: "Well, she's all ready for the afternoon tide, ain't she?"

"Yes, sir," responded the mate.

"Well, we've 'ad precious little trouble with the crew this trip. True some of 'em give way last night, but we've 'ad none of them disgraceful fracasses"—the Captain paused to watch the effect of this word on the mate—"that we used to 'ave. An' that man Flinders 'as surprised me."

"Me, too," said the mate.

"It's been worth the money just to show that Jim Flinders 'as a 'eart of gold!"

"'E's a pocket lined with it anyhow," said the mate ironically.

"Aye, but it's been a big bit of self-denial for 'im though. 'E'll feel the benefit of it all the rest of 'is life. Well, if you've quite finished, we'll be gettin' up on deck, Mr. Andrews."

When the Captain reached the deck he saw no one but the boy Albert, who stood there in Casabianca-like attitude. There was a gleam of deep amusement in the boy's eye.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired the Captain, stepping towards a rope-end that he observed on the deck.

"Nothin', sir," said the boy respectfully.

"Well, tell Jim Flinders an' them lazy, idle skulkers to tumble up at once."

"If you please, sir, they all went ashore a 'our since. Jim Flinders said as 'ow 'e would stand drinks all round with the money you give 'im for bein' sober."

The Captain heard an explosion behind him. He turned round sharply and found the mate sneezing elaborately.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said the Captain severely; "we'll miss the afternoon tide to a certainty. The drunken beasts! We shall 'ave to 'unt all over Seaforth to find 'em. I've done with reforming them now."

"I should try and reform 'em with a gun next time, sir," said the mate.

"I wonder," said the Captain meditatively as he stepped ashore, "whether I could stop that five pounds out of their wages?"

WAYS AND MEANS.

IV. OF BECOMING A JOURNALIST.

There are very few people who have not some time or other felt an irresistible desire and an undoubted ability to "write for the paper." It seems so easy, and their surprise when the manuscripts return to them is pathetic.

Very often, however, their rejection is due rather to the writer's ignorance of how to set about the matter than to the worthlessness of his production.

There is no easy way to success in journalism and even influence counts for little. It is just the ability to turn out good "stuff" that is important, and for this reason, whether one intends to adopt journalism as a profession or as a hobby, the only way to get an innings is as an outside contributor, or "free lance," or, having acquired a sound knowledge of shorthand and a concise style, to start as a reporter on some provincial paper.

It is in one of these ways that almost all the editors of famous London papers have started.

Shorthand is nowadays necessary only for the verbatim reporter. Even the descriptive writer can get on without it, while to the free-lance or sub-editor on a weekly it is practically useless and it is waste of time to learn it.

If you intend to start free-lancing, the important thing is to study the market. Get at least one copy of every paper you come across and read it through, until you know just the kind of stuff that it is in the habit of using. Half the thousands of manuscripts that are rejected daily by the London papers are returned simply because the subject or the style is not in accordance with the general tone of the paper.

Never send a long letter to the editor with a manuscript. It is best to send no letter at all, but simply to write the name and address on the manuscript, unless you wish to point out any special qualifications you may have for dealing with the subject.

The name and address should in any case always be written on the manuscript, and also the approximate number of words it contains. This should not be counted word by word, but an average taken of the number of words in a line and of lines in a page, and the product of these multiplied by the number of pages.

Always enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, even if you do not want the manuscript back, or feel confident of its success; the average editor is apt to be prejudiced against the man who omits to do so, and to regard him as an amateur.

The free-lance journalist nowadays must specialise in some particular subject or in one particular form of fiction if he is to come to the front. The number of men who are sufficiently talented to "write about anything" is small indeed.

If work as a reporter or as a free-lance does not appeal to the beginner, he may occasionally be so fortunate as to get a post on the staff of a paper either in the sub-editorial department or as a regular contributor. Vacancies such as the former can only be hoped for by a man of good education and a sound knowledge of English either on a provincial newspaper or a weekly periodical, for the sub-editors on London dailies have nearly all worked their way up from reporting or from the provinces.

The only way to obtain such appointments unless you have a friend at court who can tell you when a vacancy is likely to occur, is to study the advertisement columns in the papers, especially those which devote a special space to journalistic vacancies, such as the "Daily News" and the "Daily Telegraph."

Besides knowing everything, or at least as much as possible, about something, the journalist must know something about everything. He must have a considerable knowledge of the world and its ways, he must have read not a little, and should have at least a smattering of one or more languages besides his own.

BERTRAM PURCHES.

...T OF THE CITY'S GRIP.

...E TALE OF A BID FOR FREEDOM.

...e Man walked thoughtfully along the ...d side of Tottenham Court Road. ...e multitudes of workers and the incessant ...f traffic, made no impression on him, for ...houghts were far away from such scenes. ...the fumes of over-heated, creosoted wood ...ent, by their choking sickliness, kept ...ding him that he was still in the midst of ...on.

...ough he had breathed this noxious vapour ...wards of five summers, he never drew a ...n of it without a cough of disgust and a ...ormed yearning—quickly smothered as an ...sible dream—to fill his lungs with the air ...open pastures he had quitted so long ago. ...this evening old memories returned with ...persistence.

...had had his tilt at London; had seen its ... and listened, at times captivated, ...all of its gaiety. ... that he had achieved nothing. He ... found work and some margin of ...abled him to save a little money. ...he "getting on in years" as the ...nuse has it. His was not the old ...ging for a rest from strife. ...still young—a man of twenty-seven ...g enough for any enterprise, yet old ... to weigh up realities against the ever-...visions of undisciplined imagination.

IN THE DESERT.

...e walked slowly towards his lodging in ...id d... of North London's inner area, ...ed were fixed upon a hillside para-...through London's murk, and ...e. infinitely beautiful by the years of ...ul. ... and thirst for rural sweetness filled ...

...escape at all costs. ...he could dip out of this network of entangle-...d return to his own dear country. ...many gloomy thoughts by this de-...quickened his pace. Even five years ...vements had not robbed him of ...ing gait induced by walking count-...about his native Downs. ...had the town's close air and closed-in ...from his eyes their steady gaze. ... virility of his features agreed ...-shouldered frame, and both pro-...rural origin. ...that first gave depth and breath to ...chest was not the dead and smoky ...of London, but the clear, keen winds ...wide-rolling hills and whistled ...ering trees or distant uplands.

NIGHT.

...s last night in London fell sultry and ...ing. As he looked from his window upon ...ly backs of houses, he found it difficult to ...that it was for the last time; but the last ...e was determined it should be. ...contractor for whom he worked would ... servant; his horse a fresh ... give no warning, for he ... the risk of being persuaded or ... up his new resolve. ...d off his London-made clothes—they ...ow hateful to him—and threw them be-...the bed. He unearthed from a box the ...it and cap he had worn when he came ...n; in them he would return to his beloved ...y.

* * * * * * *

...the train carried him beyond the city's ...ling rash of red and yellow buildings, a ...e and welcome life awoke within him. ...thought, at first with horror, then with ...of the throng of men and women, and a ...less army of horses, too, beginning the ...dull round within the city; and the con-...offered by his own changed circumstances ...e brief spa... ...ne day came upon him

as an overwhelming flood in which he only floundered and splashed, but in which he knew he was supremely contented.

The train ran on incessantly. At every way-side station he felt his spirits rising and his expectations breaking all their bounds. Each post that whistled past marked stage by stage of separation from the town that now rose in his mind as something horrible and cruel.

THE OPEN COUNTRY.

Around him spread the signs of summer, not the festering heat of street and office, but the shimmering landscape; leaves of every shade of green; and growing crops and browsing cattle.

He longed to leap from the carriage and grip the labourer by the hand.

Until he stood once more upon the unpaved earth, the town's last chain would not be broken, and he grew impatient.

At the far distant junction he alighted, waiting for the little local train to carry him still farther into the country's heart. The voices of the porters rang like music in his ears as he recognised the soft and sleepy dialect of his early friends.

And then at last he stood alone outside the tiny station, six miles from his native village.

A load of cares fell away as the spirit of the place descended upon him.

He threw out his hands in welcome to re-found nature and drew deep breaths of life-laden air.

HOME AT LAST.

Then turning towards his home he looked long and intently down upon the well-loved scene. For many minutes he stood spellbound, noting every tree and every cottage, following the roads from point to point, and dwelling long upon the sight of one tree-sheltered farm beneath whose roof he was to pass that night and many more.

In sheer delight he ran towards the village, ran from very joy as he had not run for years. On and on he went, turning at last off the highway into fields whose every gate and hedge appealed to him as to an old acquaintance.

The last link that bound him to the town was snapped and for ever cast aside. He had escaped.

C. EASTON-GREY.

REFRESHMENTS.

At most railway refreshment bars, and in many ordinary saloon bars, the assistants have a playful little trick of giving you about one-third less liquor than you think you are paying for. You ask for a glass of bitter and suppose that you are getting half-a-pint, but, as a matter of fact, you get only about two-thirds of that amount.

The fraud is a palpable one and ought to be put down.

The right way is to say "Half a bitter" instead of "A glass of bitter." If you definitely ask for half a bitter, they are legally bound to give you half-a-pint, and it is fraud on their part to give you less.

The assistants know this very well, and half-pint glasses are kept beneath the counter for those customers who insist upon having them. By adopting this precaution you ensure that you are getting full value for your money.

THE MUCH-MALIGNED MULE.

A DEFENCE.

I have known many mules, including some of the human variety. For the latter I retain no sort of regard, but my recollections of the former are pleasant on the whole.

And this, despite the fact that one of my earliest memories of mules is riding one along a narrow mountain track with wall-like cliffs on one side, a sheer drop of a thousand feet or so on the other, when it suddenly stopped dead.

Mules, like elephants, are very sensitive to danger; they will never take you over unsafe ground, as a horse sometimes will, but there was nothing of the sort on this occasion. He just stopped out of that "pure cussedness" which he inherits from his father, the ass.

I could not get off on either side; I did not fancy getting over his head, lest he should take a cowardly advantage of me behind my back, and I fancied still less slipping over his rump within reach of his deadly heels. He kept me there for the best part of an hour, when without the slightest apology he moved on.

Nevertheless, I like mules. After all, they are very much what you make them, and in many, and especially Western, countries mules are abominably treated. They are underfed, overworked, and often subjected to gross cruelty, and then people wonder that they are stubborn, vicious, and intractable.

Treat a mule well, however, and he has many good points. He is strong, hardy, sagacious, cheap to keep, and as surefooted as any goat.

Get a good riding mule, and for mountain work at all events you will never want to use a horse again. The riding mule has a peculiar gait of his own, something between a trot and a walk—"trippling," they call it in the West Indies.

To a man used to a horse's trot "trippling" is at first a trifle uncomfortable, but once you get used to it, it is like sitting in an arm-chair, and the absence of exertion on the part of the rider is, of course, a great advantage in tropical countries.

Further, a mule will "tripple" as fast as most horses trot—at all events over a long distance—and he will keep on seemingly for ever.

Of driving mules I have had small experience—as a driver—though I once spent seven days and seven nights—I shudder to think of it—in a coach drawn by relays of mules, and they can be taught to trot for ordinary harness work.

It is as a pack animal, however, that the mule is unsurpassed. 200 lbs., including the pack saddle, is an average load for a mule, and he will carry it all day long and day after day over the roughest of country.

For military purposes mules have many claims to attention, and in view of the shortage of horses in this country the Government might easily do worse than import large numbers of mules for draught and pack purposes. Their strength, hardiness, surefootedness, and easiness of feeding make them ideal from the military point of view.

They have, of course, long been used for mountain batteries, and a splendid chap is the mountain battery mule. I had something to do with him once, and I know him. No dejected or vicious starveling he, but a fine, big, upstanding fellow, sixteen hands every inch of him, well-fed, well-groomed, sleek, glossy, and making light of his allotted burden of from 200 lbs. to 300 lbs.

Docile creatures they are, too, answering to the pet names given them by the gunners, ready to feed from your hand, and though they sometimes indulge in biting or kicking matches between themselves, on the whole they are wonderfully intelligent and tractable.

There is a lot to be said for the mule, and in Eastern countries he is held in honour; in the West we too often hold him in cruel bondage. Many people, who have not had occasion to learn his sterling qualities, treat him as an object for mirth.

H. GRAY-REID.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

XV. THE POLICE COURT.

I am not going to make this an opportunity for "going for" the comic magistrate.

He does exist, worse luck; but he is by no means typical of the British police-court magistrate. And even for the facetious Solon there is something to be said. Seen in cold print his witticisms may strike you as cheap, callous, and altogether objectionable. But had you heard them in court, you would have hailed them as a welcome relief from deadly monotony, and you would probably have perceived that they were not meant to be offensive, nor did they give offence even to their target.

I do not say that our magistrates never indulge in ill-timed jests, but those who do are exceptions to the rule that the British magistrate is a gentleman, and a man worthy of our warmest admiration.

Consider his life: it is dull, deadly dull. Occasionally some sensational case may come his way, but as a rule he is occupied with petty, sordid, squalid crime, in which there is nothing interesting, but only the drab and nauseating.

THE MAGISTRATE.

He lives in an atmosphere, which not only leaves much to be desired hygienically, but which simply reeks of perjury. He hears the same sort of case over and over again, and nine times out of ten the result is a foregone conclusion, yet he must never take things for granted, he must decide each case on its merits, and give the same attention to a charge of petty theft that he does to a case of murder.

He sees the worst side of human nature, a side in which there is nothing splendidly evil, but only the base, the mean, the paltry. Nevertheless, his sympathies remain keen, his heart continues to beat, in some miraculous way he contrives to remain human, and he is a man first and a magistrate afterwards.

Of course, no magistrate is perfect, for then he would lack the broad humanity which is his essential characteristic, but I pay my little tribute to him as a man who does his best in trying circumstances, and usually does it very well.

Now let us turn from the Cadi to his congregation. Some come before his worship voluntarily, others by force of circumstances over which they have no control.

We will take the former first. There is the magistrate's clerk, who looks ever so much wiser than his chief, indeed ever so much wiser than any mortal man could possibly be.

HIS CONGREGATION.

Then there are the barristers, wigged and gowned, and the solicitors, also wigged and gowned, if the magistrate happen to be a stickler for etiquette, and the various police court officials, plain clothes men, perhaps even more conspicuously policemen than their uniformed brethren, reporters hoping against hope for something worth reporting, warders, turnkeys, gaolers, witnesses, willing and unwilling, plaintiffs and defendants. Not much to be said about them, nor about the curious public on the back benches composed for the most part of unwashed loafers who are largely responsible for the frowzy atmosphere.

The air of the police court! It is not only frowzy and unclean, but there is a peculiar "deadness" about it. It is like the vapid, lifeless air of the House of Commons—I am not referring to the mental atmosphere of that place.

To return to the crowd; the unwashed predominate, because they find the police court rather more entertaining than the free library, or the parks which they pollute with their pestilential presence, but there is also a sprinkling of decent folk, an actor or two studying "real life," an artist or writer or so in search of "types," and sad, shame-faced parents come to see prodigal son or daughter pay the penalty of folly or worse.

There are also morbid people in search of "horrors" and stout, black satin-clad dames with small flat bottles, who come to the police court, I presume, because they have nothing better to do, and it affords them an opportunity for boasting about the "black sheep" in their families, which they do with a sort of melancholy pride.

THE PLAY BEGINS.

The curtain is up, the play begun, what you will you have—the vinous procession of "drunks"? Not very much entertainment in that besotted crew as a rule, but this morning for once the court is genuinely amused.

Two young gentlemen are in the dock to answer the charge of drunk and disorderly. Both are in evening dress, which is only half-hidden by their light overcoats, and both are pink-eyed, half-sheepish, half-defiant. Not much in that you may say, but listen to the tale that is unfolded.

First young gentleman, found attempting to light his cigarette-holder, which is innocent of cigarette, at lamp-post in Regent-Street, is promptly conducted to station. Begs permission to send to his friend, the second young gentleman, to come and bail him out—request duly granted.

Second young gentleman, arriving home late, gets message, and starts out to the rescue. Unfortunately on the way adds to amount of alcoholic stimulant he has already taken. Drives up to station in state and hansom, gets out, falls flat on his face, and is promptly sent to join the friend he had come to bail out.

THE DAILY ROUND.

Pass on—to what? Again to unrelieved monotony. Dreary tales of sneak thieves, pickpockets, and the like. What can one say about them except that Nature seems to have intended them to be what they are.

Their mean, cowardly countenances, their sly, furtive eyes, their nervous, delicate fingers—all make one think that they were predestined to pilfer.

A woman is in the dock—a woman? She is no more than a girl. With pale face, and downcast eyes she stands clutching the steel railings. The charge—oh, the old one, "soliciting."

Well, P.C. XYZ, I don't dispute the story you reel off so glibly, but was she the only one in Piccadilly that laid herself open to arrest? Perhaps, if the truth were known, she was the only one who had forgotten or rather did not know that she ought to "pay her footing."

Perhaps the magistrate knows this, as he knows that the scoundrel who brought her to this, not she, should stand in the dock and be sentenced to a dozen "of the best."

Anyway the magistrate cuts P.C. XYZ. short, and puts the girl back, while he sends the Court Missionary to see what can be done for her.

I mention the incident, not because it is uncommon—it is all too dreadfully commonplace—but because it is so characteristic of our hypocrisy, and self-comforting blindness.

What Pecksniffs we are! We let the seducer go free, and then when his victim takes to the only life left to her, we turn up our eyes and thank God that we are not as she is.

But enough on that point; this pillorying of hapless women is an unpleasant feature of our police courts, but as a rule our magistrates may be trusted to deal kindly and humanely with these sorry cases.

Then follows a long succession of wearisome alien affairs, flat perjury on the one side met by flat perjury on the other. Do those of our countrymen who are so fond of every [illegible] their own, ever stop to think what these [illegible] guard aliens with their filthy crimes cost us: the way of the administration of justice?

UNDESIRABLE ALIENS.

Another aspect of the alien question: A working man occupies the dock, charged with [illegible] Yes, he admits the charge, but he [illegible] he stole for food—food for his wife and children. He had a good job once, but [illegible] alien labour did him out of it. The [illegible] the box bears out the prisoner's statement has been to his travesty of a home, and starvation, not semi-starvation, but starvation—yes, an Englishwoman, English children—yes, an Englishwoman, English children starving in England!

Half-shamefaced the officer admits that he himself bought the woman and children [illegible] Cheer up, old chap, you in the dock [illegible] discharged, and work will be found [illegible] if the magistrate has to invent it himself. But it is rather ironical that you, an honest man, should have to commit a crime to get work and food.

Now and again you get a glimpse of something brighter; of misfortune bravely borne, of grinding poverty cheerfully endured, of a fight against overwhelming odds until the sudden yielding to cruel temptation, the awful crime of being alive without visible means of subsistence brings them within reach of the long arm of the law.

PETER GILCHRIST.

EARNING THE RIGHT.

You cannot do anything that is much while without earning the right.

You are walking down the street and [illegible] Territorial in all the bravery of a [illegible] uniform. Naturally you envy him. You [illegible] those clothes were yours.

But there is another side to the picture. That Territorial has earned the right to his uniform. Long hours of drill, self-denial from [illegible] recreations, self-sacrifice in many minor [illegible] have given him the right to wear the [illegible] which is the noblest dress that any civilian can wear. He has earned the right to have it on; if you want it, you must earn the right also.

So it is with the sportsman.

You could not pay a man a higher compliment than to say that he is a thorough sportsman, and that description may be applied to yourself, provided you have earned the right to it.

You must have given up a certain amount of your time to sport, and you must have absorbed that generous outlook upon life which is characteristic of the sportsman.

You find pretenders in every sphere, men who make believe to be sportsmen but who are not; but, sailing under false colours, they are not happy, for at any moment they may be found out.

In the matter of physical culture—to which many, rightly or wrongly, deny the name of sport—you must also earn the right before you can reasonably pose as one of its devotees.

You meet every day men who pretend to be muscular; they walk with a swagger, they [illegible] their chests out, and all the rest of it, but they have no satisfaction, for they know that they are not really strong.

To enjoy anything you must first have earned the right to enjoy it. Whether it is worth the trouble is a matter for you to decide, but you may take it as a general rule that it is very well worth the trouble.

CYCLE TOURING

TIPS FOR AN IDEAL HOLIDAY.

As anybody who has tried it will tell you, there is no more delightful way of spending a holiday than mounted on your own speed-iron, but the novice seldom finds the fullest enjoyment in his first tour, for he is hampered by not being quite up to the ropes.

It is with a view to letting him into the secrets of the game and thus making his very first trip as pleasing as any, that I am laying these facts before him.

The first thing is to get physically fit. For a week before you start you should knock down your allowances of tobacco and liquor (if you drink) and you should take rides of fair length so that your muscles get into condition.

Equally important is attention to your bicycle. The tyre that has often been punctured and repaired should be discarded and a new one bought.

You must have a new tube to replace the old one some day, and you may as well have it now; the old one can be kept in reserve if you like. If you start off with a tube that has thin places you will have endless trouble with punctures.

See also that your brakes are in thorough working order, for in the course of an ordinary tour you will have to negotiate several steep hills, and remember that your bicycle will be a little heavier than usual and will therefore need the brakes the more, for it will have, besides your own weight, also that of your luggage.

I take it that the bike you are going to ride is your usual one, a roadster. There is no fun touring on a racing machine.

THE MACHINE TO USE.

If, however, you contemplate buying a machine for touring purposes, you should have moderate gear, for there are hills to climb and winds to be faced, and neither experiences is a pleasant one if your gear is of the racing variety.

Before starting out at all have your machine well oiled up and all the bright parts clean. Remember that you are not going to spend much time upon it during your outing, and with a week's neglect added to previous neglect, the bright parts are going to suffer.

As to your clothes, a pair of thin breeches—ordinary riding breeches, but not the long stockings, shoes, a woollen jacket and cap form as good an outfit as any you could select.

Be sure to take with you a pair of flannel shirts and a pair of thin boots. When you reach the end of your journey, you will be much more comfortable if you change your nether garments and your footgear, for your feet have been sweaty and tired and there is nothing that will refresh them more quickly than changing your socks and putting on boots; the boots should be packed in with your other luggage and should be of the lightest variety, and, if you are going to do a bit of walking about the town that is to be your destination, you will find the support that they give to your ankles welcome after the fatigue of the day.

DETAILS OF KIT.

Take with you also a change of underwear, a mackintosh cape, a small hair comb, and a toothbrush.

I might add to this list indefinitely, but I will cut it down as far as I can. You might include a hair brush, but when touring you will find that a comb is quite sufficient to keep your hair tidy. This is a very little point, but I mention it because it will help you to think out in other ways how you can cut down the weight of your luggage. Of course, you have far too much good sense to dream of using a hair brush that you might find in your hotel bedroom.

Where are you to carry your luggage? Not in a frame bag between your legs certainly, for you do not want to have your knees rubbing against the sides of the bag at every stroke. The best way is to divide your luggage, having so much of it on a carrier properly fitted above the rear mudguard, and the rest strapped in front of your handlebars in such a way that your knees do not catch upon it.

THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

You may buy fresh supplies of such necessaries as clean stockings and shirts as you go along, but you should also remember that the railway is at your service as also is the Post Office, and it is easy to forward extra luggage to some town which you intend to reach a few days after you start.

Never forget that the railway is ready to help you if you get tired. It is not a bit of use plugging along when you feel thoroughly worn out, for then you are not enjoying yourself, and the aim and object of a cycle tour is enjoyment.

If you find that you are tired while you are still some ten or fifteen miles away from the place you intend to be your destination, go to the nearest station and take a ticket to that place. It is worth the cost to get there fresh instead of being worn out.

As to the distance one should cycle each day, that must necessarily depend upon one's training and individual taste. One will like to get off and sit on a stile for a bit to look at some beautiful scenery, while another will see no pleasure except in covering as many miles as he can. Everyone to his own taste, but if you are going to reach home fitter than when you left it, you should never let your daily mileage exceed your powers. There is no credit whatsoever in covering miles; any old goods train does that.

As to speed, you should not attempt during a long cycle tour to go very much faster than eight miles an hour. This, you will say, is only twice walking pace, but remember that you are keeping it up almost the whole day and that you are doing it not for one day only but for several on end.

SPEED AND COST.

Eight miles an hour is a fine easy pace. It lets you look about you as you go along, and at the end of a journey of this kind you feel almost as fresh as if you had arrived by train.

How much should a cycle tour cost? You can do it on 5s a day, but not with very much comfort. Bed and breakfast would cost you about half-a-crown at the lowest possible estimate, which leaves you only 2s. 6d. for your food and other expenses during the day.

It is much better to allow at least 7s. 6d. a day, so that you do not have to worry over every farthing. Better still if you can afford 10s. 6d. a day, for on that you can make a cycle tour with great comfort.

But, be your purse large or small, be you in training or be you out of it, be you a speed merchant, or be you a potterer, the cycle tour—provided you take it on the lines that suit your own particular case—will afford you the finest holiday a man can have.

REX FLEMING.

RAILWAY SPORTSMEN.

SOME OF THE BEST.

Sport in England is to a very large extent a matter which is dependent upon the nature of a man's work. It is strange to observe how whole classes of men following certain occupations are given to certain kinds of sport.

Any attempt to account for these peculiarities is hopeless, for there seems to be no reason why workers at one trade should adopt one sort of sport, while men of another choose a different kind altogether; but though the differences are quite unaccountable they are none the less interesting to study.

Wherever pitmen are gathered together there will always be found a widespread liking for, and indulgence in, the sport of whippet racing and all forms of coursing.

To pass to a very different class, we find military officers largely given to playing polo, while the rank and file are keen footballers. And so it runs through many different trades and occupations.

A class that shows, in contrast, a very wide taste in sport consists of those who find their work upon the railways. Porters, signalmen, drivers, firemen, guards, and all grades of railway workers will usually be found to be amongst the keenest sportsmen, ready to take a hand in any game that may be going, and to shape most creditably at everything they put their hands to.

It is this faculty of adapting themselves to the circumstances of the moment that makes our railway workers—and especially those at country stations, which form so vast a majority—the upholders of the sporting interests of our villages, helping to keep alive the athletic spirit in rural England.

Along the network of railways that stretch to the uttermost ends of our island, the little wayside stations are spots where men—mostly young and the pick of the rural population that keeps clear of the great towns—show the keenest interest in sport. The fact that their work keeps them more or less in touch with the wider interests of a distant and busy world seems at the same time to give them an appreciation of their opportunities and urges them to make the best of their hours of leisure.

And so it happens that in the long evenings, which might so easily be spent in lounging on a gate or loafing about the lanes, those of the railway station staff who are off duty are among the keenest spirits of the cricket club, on the quoit ground, or on the bowling green.

There is an initiative and energy about the railway man that many other rural workers have missed.

Many a signalman's muscles have been brought to their round and sturdy perfection as much through wielding a cricket bat as by handling the levers in his cabin.

The railway worker is a member of a vast organisation, and he learns thereby the value of co-operation. The village team that is captained by the man from the station is the team that comes home with the spoils of victory.

His work has sharpened his judgment. It makes a fine man of him; a man in whom a great tradition is perpetuated, and who worthily and jealously upholds the whole code of sport that is summed up in the phrase "fair play."

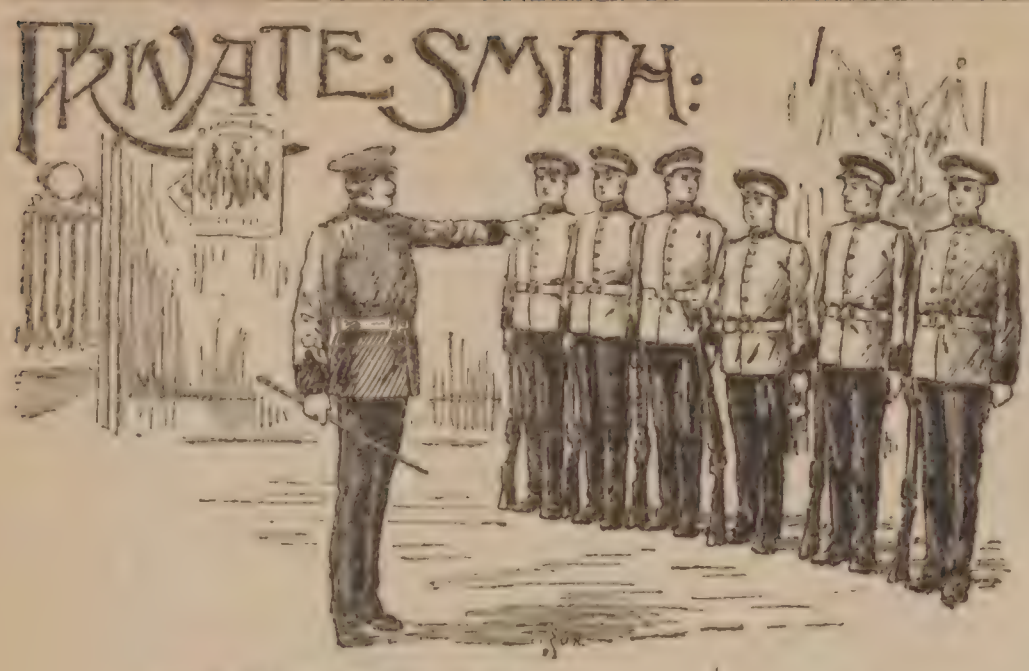
The railway man has the bull-dog pertinacity that never knows when it is beaten, for, though he can take defeat, he knows that no contest was ever won by bewailing past failures. Spilt milk is no matter for tears with him.

Responsibility of a very serious and important kind rests on his shoulders while he is on duty. It is a truism to speak of him as having the lives of his fellow creatures hourly in his hands, and it is a fact which he never forgets. Familiarity with it does not breed contempt, though it not infrequently impels him to the sacrifice of his own life.

At work and play alike he proves himself an Englishman to the backbone.

R. WATKINS.

PRIVATE SMITH.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Had it not been for the fact that the Captain sat next to me in the Circle train and appeared willing to discuss matters Territorial, I should never have known Private Smith.

It happened that I was reading a leader in one of the Peace-at-any-Price papers, which deplored the fact that big employers were influencing their men to join the Territorial force. "The country," I read, "is about to be ground under the heel of militarism, and when one takes into consideration the action of Messrs. So and So, it is only apparent that England is no longer the land of the free."

I crumpled the paper up into a ball.

"Rot!" I exclaimed aloud.

The Captain had noticed my eyes on the leader, I suppose.

"You put it tersely but exactly," he said. "If you care to come with me to my drill-hall, I'll show you something."

So I broke my journey at South Kensington, and changed into a train bound South-Westwards.

Now the Regiment, whose raw recruits I was about to see at drill, enjoyed no distinctions whatever. It had no pet names and was nobody's "Own." This much the Captain informed me. He had an uphill task to lick them into shape, he said, but the men were backing him loyally. Their methods, he added, were peculiar.

There must have been sixty taking their part in that little drill, and such a collection of miscellaneous nondescripts it had never been my misfortune to see!

Even the walking-out uniform that most of them had put on in the endeavour to look smart, failed lamentably.

They wandered about aimlessly, and glared at each other indignantly when anything went more wrong than usual.

They looked keen, but pathetically uncomfortable. I felt sorry for the Sergeant-Major, who was trying his level best to wrestle with the problem before him, and that was to convert a company of wrecks into smart, presentable men.

"These are all employees of Messrs. Blankney's, the candle factors," explained the Captain.

The Sergeant-Major saluted the Captain, and drew an unhappy breath.

"Shun! As y' were. Shun! That's better!" he shouted.

It certainly was "better," but poor, very poor. The men were blunderingly awkward and slow—yet they were doing their little best.

"When I say 'Shun!' I don't expect you to do a step dance, Private Smith!"

An under-sized youth, unkempt and evidently not unduly particular over the matter of his toilet, coloured up, and I knew this was Private Smith.

"When you stand at Attention, I want your toes turned out at *that* angle, Smith. Bring the rifle back a little—a little more. Catch hold of it firmly, it don't bite! Now, on the command 'Slope arms,' one — raise the rifle smartly to the right shoulder and remain steady; two—bring the left hand across the body and——"

And so through the weary formula several times. Gleams of intelligence were, however, showing on the faces of the company, and I noted that some of these faces also shone with the application of much soap, and remarked as much.

"Yes. That's the sort of thing the paper you were reading objects to," the Captain observed. "These chaps haven't joined a week and already there's a marked improvement. We've taught 'em to bath themselves. Now, we're about to turn the clean articles into *men*, which is fifty per cent. more than they are at present. Ground under the heel of militarism! Good Lord!"

"Private Smith," I said, "seems to be an exception, then?"

"That young blighter? Yes. But you don't catch me interfering, nor the Sergeant-Major. Look at him now."

I looked as directed. He was "sloping arms" out of time with everyone else, and I saw that he was the recipient of many covert digs from his immediate neighbours. The next time he did it rather better, and kept his eyes on the ground as one thoroughly ashamed of himself.

The Captain broke in upon my ruminations. "Do you see what I mean?" he asked. "They educate themselves! I may be mistaken, but I have an idea we shall see some fun after this drill between Smith and the others. Come on."

I followed him up a flight of stairs at the end of the hall into the Officer's Mess, and thence through a door that led to a wooden balcony commanding a full view of the Hall.

As we walked out on the balcony, the clock marked nine p.m., and the Sergeant-Major's hour of torture was at end.

"On the word 'Dismiss' turn to the right and break off quietly, not makin' a row like a parcel of kids out of school. Shun! Dismiss!"

The company broke off more or less "quietly" and slammed their rifles into the new arm rack, all save Private Smith, and an officious member of the company ordered him to come to the other end of the hall—below the balcony—and be shown how to slope arms without making a dozen gross errors.

His Mentor did not put it in these words exactly, but the effect was the same. Private Smith saw that the idea was favoured by the majority of his "pals," and he submitted sullenly.

When I heard a young man from Messrs. Blankney's going through the Sergeant-Major's formula, I was amazed.

"On the command—By numbers, Slope Arms, One—raise the rifle smartly to the right shoulder and remain steady!!" he shouted in a voice rather louder than the Sergeant-Major's. Private Smith went through this evolution many times ere the self-constituted Board of Instruction expressed itself satisfied.

"Dismiss!" exclaimed the instructor, "and—look 'ere, Smithy—you put a little more guts into it or you'll 'ear from h-us!"

"Crude—crude," murmured the Captain by my side, "but straight to the point, you see."

An offensively clean-looking young man, tall and broad in proportion, whose threadbare suit at least showed signs of being well brushed, detached himself from the group, and handed a small package to Private Smith.

"With the compliments of 'arf the company," he said.

Private Smith unwrapped it. It was a cake of yellow soap! There was no hesitation about Private Smith's next move, for the insult was clear, and there is nothing even a gutter-child hates more than to be termed "dirty."

Private Smith stood no chance whatever, as he must have known, but he slipped into the man smartly, landing the surprised six-footer with the painfully clean collar a nasty blow on the lip.

My friend suddenly remembered he was an officer, and wondered whether he ought to interfere. Below us Private Smith was "blooded," literally as well as metaphorically "blooded."

But at that moment the Sergeant-Major came up.

"Here—what's all this about?" he demanded.

"Nothin'—nothin', only a friendly spar, and my pal there 'appened to catch me on the nose accidental."

"Well, that's about enough of it. You were properly scrappin' in a minute, so you'd better give it up!" said the Sergeant-Major, and the combatants retired smiling, to impress the Sergeant-Major that it was only a game.

Then for several minutes I lost sight of Private Smith, but from somewhere beneath me could hear the splash of water, and when searching eyes were rewarded with a glimpse of an entirely new Private Smith, with a face with washing and his neck innocent of any mark." Also, he walked as one who is not to hold up his head among his fellow men.

"Observe the effects of being ground beneath the heel of militarism," said the Captain, as we went into the Club Room with him to drink success to the raw recruits of "Nobody's Own."

* * * * *

The next time I came across "Nobody's Own" they were taking part in the East manœuvres. There was a sham fight on, and the Regiment was enthusiastically fighting away at nothing. It was during a lull in the engagement that I stumbled into a hollow where a detachment were in ambush under command of my friend the Captain.

"Hullo!" said the Captain cheerily. "I see you've turned up to have a look at us. I don't know whether we oughtn't to take you prisoner."

"Word of honour, I won't give your position away to the enemy!" I laughed. "By the way, who are they?"

"Well, this is a little inter-regimental, you might say," said the Captain; "just panies under the non-coms., who ... what they can do with the men. The ... lot of new non-coms., too. We were ... 'em, and promotion has therefore been ... what you call 'Nobody's Own.' Still, the ... are full of zeal, and the pet regiments will ha... to go all the way to whack us, I can tell you."

"That scratch lot you showed me," I observed very softly, "look well."

"Oh, the candlemakers? Yes, you know. Gave I got 'em to back me up, and let them ... their heads a little, and let them ... selves into shape. I think most of the ... due to that young Smith—do you remember the soap incident?—and a tall broad ... Greening."

"Private Smith!" I exclaimed.

"No, my dear boy, *Corporal* Smith now. If you want to see him, you'll find him in charge of a half company over behind those furze bushes there—probably smoking, but it does not matter. Hullo!"

From the clump of furze bushes in the distance there came a long-drawn whistle, and signalling flags waved smartly to and fro.

The Captain was logging the movements.

"'B'—that's the enemy; we're ... —'advancing on left flank.'"

"Well, good afternoon!" said the ...

"We must go and turn 'em back. ... Smith's information? Certainly! ... eyes like a hawk—and we can depend on ... Corporal Smith!"

And after all it *is* the Corporal ... are making the Territorial Army ...

SUGGESTION THAT MAY APPEAL TO SOME OF OUR READERS.

A Bachelor Cottage

readers of THE MODERN MAN must be men in diggings. I have tried it in in the provinces and abroad. It is a of life at the best—a makeshift home yet it is the only one that thousands of ng men, ay, and no longer young men, have. There is something better that the young ny energy can do for himself, no matter he is living. An ounce of personal experience is ds of theory. Let me give you

r the search for it—sent me to this facturing Yorkshire town. I was rent with diggings. Within three ss in them, in six I determined ve a place of my own. Mind you, capital, just the few pounds that a keeps in reserve for sickness and so on. me weeks of casual evening walks to on the cottage. My friends thought e it; to-day they admit to a nt.

old place on the top of a hill rts of the town, standing back with a bit of a garden. It was in ition, but it had possibilities; I

s more than it might have plus rates. The landlord, painting if he would spend on what he would have to lay out for l. He put a new kitchen range and made thoroughly ready for and did some other odd jobs. smart young painter and decorator with I smoked a cigarette in his shop one business hours, came up and we matter over friendly-like. t long before white paint took the brown and dull green paper down- rooms alike—and difference. For the bedrooms I nt and lattice-pattern paper; the we painted white, and other out- green and white.

ING. myself, and a backaching stone passage was red ochred; was ready for me. ture, just books and pictures, usual lodger's lumber. An oak mattress put sleeping accommoda- Gradually things came together. A sale brought me some old English for a few shillings apiece. A gate-legged I bought at a dealer's. place has been a constant source to me. A neighbouring cottager's "dabs" for me every day— my bed, and so forth. , resulting from my own

good sized Indian rugs floors and are cleaner.

Avoid linoleums as you would the devil, ditto ornaments and overmantels. For the latter a sporting print or your best girl's photo is better —and cheaper.

Don't buy suites of furniture. Half of the suite is useless to a bachelor and you get very little for them if you ever have to sell. Buy a couple of comfortable armchairs, perhaps second-hand, but see they *are* comfortable; those horsehair monstrosities that one only sees second-hand never are.

Don't spend money on new fireplaces. A fire will burn well anywhere if the chimney is all right. See that's right first.

Don't forget or neglect the garden. If you can't attend to it yourself an odd shilling or two to a cottager will work wonders in it. Stock it with old-fashioned plants. A stroll to the allotment gardens in your town and a pipe with some the holders there, will pay you better than that fraud, the jobbing gardener. Leave him to the villa resident who has ideas in geraniums and lobelias.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE WALLS.

Stick to plain paper for decorating, one that won't fade. What is known as rough grained paper is the best. As for pictures, to avoid oils and watercolours is a pretty safe rule. Get the reproductions of some pictures that appeal to you, and don't be guilty of the pose of buying those other people think you *ought* to have.

Besides the material advantage of its being cheaper week by week than diggings, your life will, if you have a place of your own, take on—can I say it without swank?—an added dignity. You will value yourself more, and it follows that your employers will.

The adding of the little odds and ends to your store will fill many a blank evening that otherwise you would spend sitting bored in a two-shows-a-night music-hall.

After you have found a pair of old candlesticks in a dealer's shop that have become yours for the price of a "hundred up," and spent a wet Sunday forenoon cleaning them and their fellows up with soldiers' friend—for, of course, you are a Territorial—you are on the high road to become houseproud.

Then there is the freedom in having your own little show, of making as much noise as you like on your banjo in the small hours with a kindred spirit or two without having "ma" calling over the stairs.

HOUSEKEEPING.

I do not believe in the carrying home of potatoes and turnip tops in a string bag and other tame rabbitisms, but it is a valuable asset in future housekeeping in double harness for a man to have some knowledge of what housekeeping means. It helps him to look at things a bit more fairly in the inevitable petty domestic rubs of life that come with marriage. If, too, you can see your girl in your own cottage, say at tea there with her mother or her sister, you'll know better whether she will fit into your scheme of life than twenty seeings of her in her own home.

Any kind of man can live in diggings, but try something different and have a shot at fending for yourself; you will never regret it.

J. ANDRE MACDONALD.

RESULTS.

Our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page has proved not only useful to those who have advertised in it, but it is also an interesting feature to the casual reader.

Have a glance through it.

If you happen to want anything or desire to sell anything, send us a brief advertisement. It need not cost you more than a shilling, and it is certain that you will have replies. All our advertisers do.

See page 3 of the cover for all particulars.

AFTER PHEASANTS' EGGS.

A GLIMPSE OF WORK IN THE COVERTS.

The woods cover the two sides of a wide valley, and every inch is preserved with the utmost care, so that none but the authorised servants of the owner are ever allowed entrance.

Down on the road that runs between the hills a long line of cottages and bungalows extends for a couple of miles, much to the keeper's annoyance, for they house many a man whose only sport is that behind which there lurks the danger of prosecution and fine.

For this reason the keeper's house is placed high in the wood. It is a four-square cottage with windows everywhere. Every window commands a long and open drive through the woodlands so that none may cross from covert to covert within a mile of the cottage without detection.

The cottage is surrounded by dog kennels, placed at short intervals on the clearing, and the approach of a stranger is notified to all within hearing by a chorus of a dozen or more canine voices united in warning anger and defiance.

The keeper spends the long year in the midst of this woodland solitude. He has two assistants who occupy two of the tiny apartments of his lodge, and their windows command two of the cleared drives through the beeches and hazel undergrowth.

From now, until the shooting is over for the season, the keeper and his two assistants will know no rest by day and very little by night. The long regular rounds have already begun, and it is a pleasure to spend a whole day tramping round the woods seeing that all is well and watching the nesting and breeding processes in operation.

I have just returned, hot and tired and hungry and thirsty, with fir needles clinging to my clothes and brambles embedded in boots and leggings, from one of these day-long tramps through superb woodlands.

We started after a hearty breakfast, the keeper calling one of his dogs, and carrying only a stick, and a bag in which to bring home the eggs he was sure to find lying out in all sorts of exposed places, for the hen pheasant is notoriously lax in her nesting habits. She will drop her eggs in any dent in the ground, seldom troubling to make a respectable home where her family may be reared in decent comfort.

Moreover half-a-dozen hens will club together and use the same nest, laying egg after egg until a large number will be collected. And so the keeper has to watch his birds and gather up the eggs and put them under more trustworthy sitters from his fowl yard, until they are hatched and the young birds are able to be turned down in the covers to grow wild and make good sport for the guns.

He is a keen man, this keeper. I had always thought myself possessed of a fairly useful frame, but he towers above me like a giant with his six-foot-four and his immense shoulders.

To see him strolling casually through the woods one would never suspect that he was the possessor of a strange mixture of worldly wisdom and nature lore. He feels the beauty of wild nature, but he is not charmed into a belief in the simplicity of his fellow countrymen.

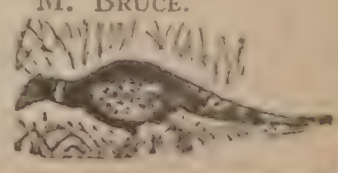
"There's hardly a one on 'em as wouldn't step inside these woods and help themselves to birds or eggs if they thought as they wouldn't be found out," he says.

And, knowing as I do the joys and thrills of poaching, even on a small and amateurish scale, I am inclined to agree with him.

He "spots" the eggs with remarkable ease, distinguishing them from the old brown beech leaves among which they lie, with a sureness that is remarkable.

By the time the sun is setting we have tramped a rough fourteen miles to and fro and up and down the hillside, and night finds us ready for the pipe of peace and a chat before bedtime.

M. BRUCE.



THE PLATELAYER.

A SKETCH.

The railway runs hereabouts for a straight three miles, and from the little brick bridge that carries the lane over the cutting, I can watch the platelayer at work. He has a long stretch of line to cover between the two little stations four miles apart, and he paces to and fro, carefully examining the chairs and fish-plates and making sure that the wood blocks are driven home to keep the rails firm.

To-day his labour is tiring. There is not a cloud in all the sky, and the railway track is the hottest place on earth. What faint airs are stirring do not dip down into the cutting through which the track is laid, and I can see the platelayer labouring under the heated and stagnant atmosphere.

From the creosoted sleepers and the stony track there rises continually a shimmering vapour, giving to all things seen through it a trembling motion as if the whole earth were in perpetual vibration.

About the trimmed quick hedges the birds that love the railway embankment keep up their varied songs, but beyond their notes hardly any other sound breaks the stillness.

Not more than half-a-dozen trains pass up and down this country branch line during the day, and their approach is heralded by much ringing of a big bell at the station to warn all who contemplate taking a journey to see to it that they are ready with their tickets.

The tiny station has but one platform both for "up" and "down" trains, for the branch is of the "single line" description, and the station staff is not large. The stationmaster acts the parts of booking clerk and porter, while his only assistant divides his time between the little signal box close to the level crossing and the iron goods shed where he sorts the parcels from the market town, and labels the occasional box that some important traveller brings with him.

The platelayer strides leisurely along the track, his heavy, long-handled hammer thrown over his shoulder. He looks the picture of a pioneer. He wears a weather-beaten flat felt hat that only partially shades his face, which has taken on the red colour of the earth through which the cutting has been made.

A thin print shirt only half hides a giant's chest, massive in its hairy strength. A dark brown belt encircles his loins.

He stands aside from the track to let the morning train pass, its little engine sending out hurried puffs of steam that evaporate in the hot sun at the funnel's black mouth.

He raises a hand to the driver, half in salutation, half with the idea of signifying "all's well" on his section of the "road."

And then he turns to his work again. He has already worked his way nearly a mile along the track, but through the steamy air his heavy footsteps can be plainly heard.

He stops near the gates that give access to fields on either side, for here the line cuts into two portions one of the large farms. Some of the blocks have worked loose, and down comes the hammer from his shoulder. Swinging it aloft he brings it down with mighty force and unerring aim, and back again shoots the wood into the socket. Three or four times he smites, and the sound of the blows reaches the watcher on the bridge after an appreciable interval.

In all weathers he is out on this solitary track, for upon his work depends the safety of many lives. He is cut off from the ordinary fellowship of labour, for the line is a forbidden land for all his fellow creatures, and "trespassers will be prosecuted." They may even incur a fine "not exceeding forty shillings" for each offence, and such a penalty to those whose earnings seldom rise above a pound a week is no light matter.

The platelayer has earned his rest by sunset, and after shutting up his hammer and the blocks left over from the day's work in the little tarred hut at the side of the line, he climbs the embankment and makes for home. R. A. CROFTS.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THANKS AND PLEASE. My very best thanks are due to those members of Territorial Corps who have so kindly sent me photographs of themselves and their friends taken during the camps which, at the time I write this note, are in progress.

Possibly you, my reader, have just returned, sunburnt and fit and with a number of snapshots to remind you of a very pleasant experience.

If you have one to spare, I should very much like to have it, for a photograph shows me better than anything else the type of man for whom I am catering.

TAILING OTTERS. A correspondent who recently went for his first otter hunt writes to me protesting against the practice of tailing.

"The master," he says, "seized the otter by the tail as it swam past him, and carried it on to the bank, where it was immediately broken up by the hounds. I consider that this amounted more to butchery than sport, and at least the incident will prevent my ever going to another meet of these particular hounds."

My friend must have been unfortunate in his selection of a pack, for I can assure him that tailing is condemned by practically every master of otter hounds. The West Cumberland, the Culmstock of Gloucestershire, the Cheriton, and the Dartmoor of Devonshire—in fact, I may say every well-known otter pack—regard the practice as unsportsmanlike.

SERVE HIM RIGHT. I remember once seeing a man try to catch an otter by the tail. You are safe enough if you catch it just at the root, but unfortunately for him he grasped it about halfway up. As soon as he lifted the otter out of the water it doubled round and bit him in the arm.

He yelled as much from surprise as pain, and tried to shake it off. Finally the otter released its hold as the hounds approached, but not a word of sympathy did this particular hunter get from any of the other followers.

I should be sorry to have it supposed that abuses exist in connection with otter hunting, for it is one of the few field sports in which the poor man as well as the rich can take part, and for that very reason it has a charm of its own.

THE CHARACTER OF OTTERS. People are apt to regard the otter as a harmless and inoffensive little creature. As a matter of fact the otter is about the size of a fox and a good deal fiercer.

I have seen one shake off a hound as if it had been a rat, and I recall the case of a man named Barker who was savagely attacked by an otter which he had trapped at Kirkby Stephen in Westmorland. His trap was set on the bank of a river, and secured to a tree by a chain.

One morning he went in a boat to see if he had caught anything, and, the chain being pretty long, the otter swam out, dragging the trap with it, and endeavoured to climb into the boat. He tried to beat it off with a stick, but it bit the stick in two.

Finally he settled the matter by unhitching the chain and rowing up and down the stream till the otter was drowned. This particular otter measured exactly four feet from its snout to the tip of its tail.

DECIDING QUICKLY. I am inclined to invert the old proverb that recommends looking before leaping, in my advice to a Dublin correspondent who sends me the following letter:

"I am the possessor of a peculiarly supple mind," he says: "I am, in fact, rather too clever for my own convenience. To every course of action there is some objection, but the average man chooses automatically the course which has the least number of disadvantages. For my part the most trivial actions bring before me a train of arguments for and against, and I find it extremely difficult to decide.

"For instance, when I get home at night some one may suggest that I should go for a cycle ride. I at once perceive that this would bring me a certain amount of freshness, and possibly I might see something interesting on the road, but, on the other hand, I know that my lamp will want pumping, that my lamp [illegible] troublesome, and that I shall probably [illegible] when I get back.

"The pros and cons seem to weigh [illegible] that I will waste half-an-hour before I [illegible] a decision one way or the other. I [illegible] I am lacking in will-power. This seems [illegible] quite a different matter."

MY FRIEND'S CURE. I do not know that I have experienced my friend's [illegible] but I have met men who have been victims to it, and one of [illegible] who cured himself of it gave me the [illegible] which I have pleasure in passing on.

It was simply to act first and [illegible] wards.

If the action was disastrous, the course would not be repeated again, and if successful it would, of course, be adopted automatically in future. Most of us, I imagine, do not [illegible] quite enough, but there is an unhappy minority who think too much.

UNPOPULARITY. Character is a very complex thing and I do not know that there has ever existed a man who could tell us all about it. For my own part I observe a little here and there, but I do not pretend to know everything about my own character, far less about that of mankind as a whole.

One thing that I have observed throughout my life is that I am continually making both friends and enemies.

If I meet a man it seems impossible for him to regard me in a neutral sort of way. He either likes me at once or else he forms an antipathy to me.

I have many enemies. It is not possible as a rule for them to do me harm, because I am very cautious in business matters and, if I believe that a man does not like me, I am particularly careful in my dealings with him.

At the same time I know instinctively when people do not like me. I am not [illegible] transference of thought or mysticism [illegible] description, but the tone of the voice or the expression of the eyes tell me when a man does not care about me.

In London, and also in the village where I live, I have enemies, but I am not in any way disappointed because it is so, for so far I have invariably found that men who dislike me are themselves disliked by all other men whose opinion I value.

I suppose it is possible to go through life in a milk-and-water sort of way, giving offence to no one and making no friendships. For my own part, I am as outspoken in private life as I am in the columns of this paper, and I suppose it is inevitable that I should makes foes as I make friends.

I mention this because, perhaps, you may have experienced the same thing. You have made certain enemies, and you are vexed at them because you think that every man who knows you ought to like you.

In my humble opinion, popularity [illegible] right type of men is a thing to be [illegible] there is just one thing that should give a greater pride, and that is to be disliked by rotters.

If you have strength of character you are bound to make friends with certain people and also to make enemies of others.

If such be your own case, don't worry.

I don't.

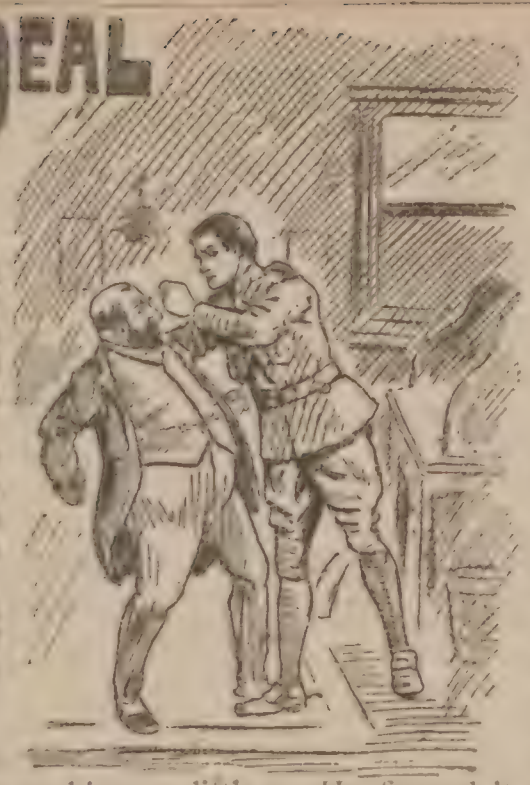
YOUR [illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand, Lond[illegible]

A City Deal

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ARTHUR GRANT.



"We are sure you don't mind, now and again, to making a little money, and we can put you in the way of doing so.

"We have no racing or gambling, or anything of that kind. It is by investment in American rails.

"Milwaukees are bound to go up in price some time, and you can turn a fiver into £20 any time.

"In order to assure you of our bona-fides, read the enclosed statements from satisfied clients; these testimonials are certified to be genuine by a Chartered Accountant. You can't get better than that.

"Send us £5 for a deal in "Milks" (we are going for Milwaukees) and we will send you a contract note. Yesterday the stock improved one full point.

"Yours faithfully,

"Anderson, Burns & Co."

There were some testimonials from clients who were pleased," and there was also a pamphlet containing "terms of business."

The letter was new to Jim, and, having nothing to read at the moment, he amused himself figuring out the results of a possible deal.

In the back of his mind he felt sure there was a catch somewhere; but a little speculation convinced him, and, like a great many more people in the City at his own game.

Besides, he had not a great deal of money just now, and even if he could only win enough to pay that tailor's bill, it would be worth while. There were people who made money by dealing in stocks and shares. Why could not he? So he risked his fiver on a deal in "Milks."

* * * * *

Next morning there was quite a stir in the office of Anderson, Burns and Co. Anderson, a Jew with an English name, "ran" the show—"Burns" was a myth, so was "Co."—when he realised that quite a lot of people had come in for "Milks," he was gleeful to a degree.

To him lay £250, and, provided the market went in his favour and against the other fellow, the money would become his very own.

Of course, having got it, he intended to stick to markets or no markets. He called himself a stock and share broker, but, in common parlance, he was a thief.

Sometimes, when he thought of widows and orphans he had robbed by cunningly worded letters, he felt slightly—it was not often with him—but he consoled himself with the reflection that, oh, yez, I'm a svindler—but I pretend to be anyvun else."

* * * * *

Sometimes it happens that the keeper of a bucket shop makes a big mistake in failing to select a stock which he believes will appreciate in price. He tells his clients he is sure the price will rise, and, knowing it will most likely move the other way, he simply waits until the fall has occurred, and then puts the money into his pocket.

To be more accurate, he puts the money into his pocket right off, and fights for it when the client is a winner.

When Anderson said "Milks" were bound to go up, he really meant they would go down. The funny thing was that they *did* go up, and at the end of the fortnight Jim found he had made about £15.

Anderson was beside himself with rage, for there were at least fifty clients who had been successful, and the little Jew hated to part with "lofely" money.

He figured it out on the blotting paper, and saw he would have to pay out nearly £800.

Jim waited two days for his cheque.

Then he wrote a letter telling Anderson, Burns and Co. that they had asked him to do a deal in "Milks." He had done so, and their wonderful prescience was seen in the fact that the prophesied advance had actually taken place. Would they be good enough to send him a cheque for what was due?

A letter came in reply, saying their correspondence was behindhand owing to office cleaning and repairs, and the presence of the auditors. As soon as the accounts could be got ready, a statement would be sent him.

It began to dawn upon him that so far from getting the £15, he might have some difficulty in regaining his fiver. A flood of angry feelings possessed him, and he went to bed that night cogitating what he should do when he gave Anderson, Burns and Co. a call next day.

* * * * * * *

The answer was waiting for him next morning—Saturday. A letter lay on the table addressed to him in a feminine handwriting that was new to him. Opening the envelope, he found a single sheet of paper inside, on which was written:

"If you want to get your money back, you will have to go and get it from Anderson. Walk right in, and don't leave until you have the cash in your pocket."

No address, no signature—just the message. Jim never felt so surprised in his life. He had not breathed a word to anybody about his transaction, and was utterly at a loss to know how his name and address had become known to his lady correspondent, whoever she might be.

It was a Saturday morning off, and Jim thought he would run up to town and have a row with Anderson, return in time for an early lunch; then get into his uniform and parade with the Territorial corps to which he belonged.

It struck him, however, that he might as well put on his regimentals at once, especially as he had to see an officer in the City on business.

So at 10 a.m., in one of the narrow courts off Moorgate Street, Jim paused before the door bearing the now odious name of Anderson, Burns and Co.

Tightening his belt and looking his fiercest, he boldly opened the door, and marched through the first office towards another door, on which was printed "Mr. Anderson." This he opened, and, seeing a little dark man at a desk, he strode up to him.

"My name's Jim Darracott," he said, "and I want my money."

"Do you wish to see Mistare Anderson, sir?" inquired that worthy, smilingly.

"Yes, I do," Jim thundered, approaching a step nearer.

"Well, I'm varee sorry to say he is not here just now. Ze doctor tell him his lungs are not goot, so he vent to Bournemouth last week."

"Who are you, then?" Jim returned.

"Me?" replied Anderson. "Oh, I'm just ze auditor's assistant. I deal mit der figures, you know."

Jim thought a moment.

"Is this an honest firm?" he asked, peering about to see if there was anything that looked like a safe or a cash-box.

"Honest? Oh, varee. Zere is no firm so goot."

Just then the door opened and a girl clerk handed a private letter to Anderson. He read it, consulted a book in a drawer, and then said: "Tell him No."

Jim tried to see the address, but failed. He did, however, see a cash-box in the opened drawer, and, thus satisfied, he sat down on a chair.

Anderson felt sure his visitor would soon depart. He had dealt with many such cases and had always won. What irritated him was the uniform.

It looked so business-like and capable of mischief.

Bother the girl! She had left the door open.

He was on the point of rising up to close it, when the outer office door was heard to open, and a deep voice inquired: "Is Mr. Anderson in?"

Anderson frowned, but before he could do anything, the girl's voice rang out: "Yes, but he's engaged."

Jim sprang up like a shot and closed the inner door himself, and locked it.

"You (adjective) liar!" he said, turning to Anderson. "You wanted to make me believe you were enjoying yourself in Bournemouth. Instead, you're going to enjoy yourself here and now. If I don't make you hop for the next two minutes, my name's not what it is."

He seized Anderson by the collar and swung him round into the middle of the room.

Even then the self-possession of the Jew did not desert him. He actually laughed, and with a smiling face assured Jim that although his name was Anderson, he was not the Anderson; and that the man outside was from the offices of the accountancy firm with which both were connected.

He laughed again and Jim let go, so cleverly acted was this little bit of lying and imposture.

But Jim was now desperate.

"I don't care what Anderson you are," he yelled; "you've got to give me £5 this minute."

"But why? I don't owe you £5," the other protested, at the same time edging his way to the telephone.

Jim saw the move, and struck the thing to the floor, breaking it to pieces. At this juncture the Jew gave himself away by exclaiming hotly:

"How dare you smash my property?"

"*Your* property, eh?" Jim smiled. "*You*, an accountant's clerk, own Mr. Anderson's telephone do you? Look here, the game's up.

"Open that drawer, or I'll smash your face in!"

The game was up, and Anderson bumped his cash-box on the desk, put five sovereigns into an envelope and handed them to Jim without a word. But Jim had not done with him.

"Another ten," he demanded. "You owe it to me, and I'm going to have it."

And he tightened his grasp on the coat collar.

A minute afterwards he was back in the street, with fifteen golden sovereigns in his trousers pocket.

* * * * * * *

The explanation of the anonymous letter he had received came a month later.

A new lady typist arrived at the office where Jim worked. She had left her last employers, Messrs. Anderson, Burns and Co., it appeared, owing to that firm giving up business.

"I sent you a letter," she explained, "just as I sent one to all their other clients; but they didn't all act on my advice as you did. Perhaps they hadn't the pluck."

Exactly how Jim thanked her is none of our business.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ROWING AS PHYSICAL CULTURE.

There is probably no form of sport which provides the man who starts by being physically sound with a better means of all-round development than rowing.

I do not mean what is accepted by many people as rowing—a sort of weak attempt at sculling, or paddling anyhow, provided that the boat is propelled—but genuine single oar rowing, in eights, fours or pairs, or even systematic sculling, where some attention is paid to form.

The main advantage is that rowing requires no abnormal muscular development, but exercises almost every muscle in the body and soon produces a most marked all-round improvement in physique.

The man who comes to the oar with exceptionally large muscles, especially if his biceps and arm muscles are highly developed, is actually at a disadvantage, for he tries to haul with his arms instead of driving the stroke through with his legs.

Of course it is not everyone who has a river at hand or has the opportunity of joining a rowing club, but there are very many men whom a bike ride or a short train journey will take from their homes to the river bank.

Those who are out of reach of the real thing and are keen on physical culture, may do much worse than get a rowing exerciser, or join a club or school in which such an appliance is used, for the exercise of rowing is treated as most valuable in many gymnasia to-day.

Rowing and sculling share with golf the advantage that you can continue to enjoy them until quite late in life.

The more strenuous form of rowing is, of course, impossible except for such hardy veterans as Mr. Guy Nickalls and one or two others, after the age of thirty or thereabouts, but the oar and scull need not be discarded when you have to give up racing.

FOR CHEST, LUNGS AND NECK.

Stand erect with the feet planted about eighteen inches apart, and place the hands on the hips, or rather just above them, with the thumb to the rear.

Press the thumbs well into the small of the back, so as to force the elbows together, and then bend the body slowly backwards from the waist, taking a deep breath as you do so.

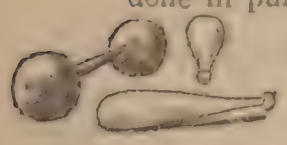
A good neck-developer.

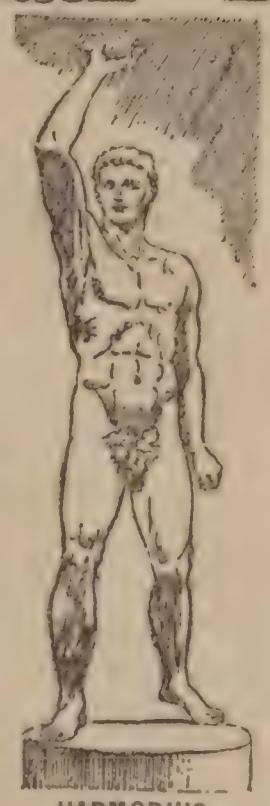
The lungs should be fully expanded just when the shoulders are forced back as far as they will go, and you should pause for a second or two in that position, while the head and neck are thrown still further back, as shown in the sketch.

The knees must not be allowed to bend at all during the exercise, which is intended purely for the development of the upper part of the body.

Hold the breath until the head and chest have been brought forward again, and the muscles relaxed, then expel it and take another deep breath as you repeat the process.

As I have pointed out before it is most important that such exercises as this should be done in pure air.





HARMODIUS,

supposed to be by Critius and Nesiotes.

(*In the National Museum, Naples.*)

RUBBING DOWN.

It is generally admitted that a "rub down" after violent exercise or after a bath is most beneficial to the body, but as a correspondent suggests, it is not everyone who knows the correct way to do it.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the best way to rub down is to rub up, and if possible to get someone else to do it for you.

To avoid irritating the skin, it is as well to see that you are thoroughly dry before you begin the process, for the "rub down" should not be a method of drying, but rather a form of massage.

The rubbing should be as far as possible towards the heart, but it is difficult to rub the lower parts of the body upwards if you have to do it yourself.

In this case it is better to rub downwards than not at all, but do not rub vigorously *across* the body in any part.

The object of the process is partly to aid the circulation, partly to keep the skin in good condition, and partly to prevent the muscles getting stiff.

If one particular muscle feels more tired than the others you should devote special attention to it, or ask the pal who is operating upon you to do so.

By a little gentle massage such as the "rub down" provides, much stiffness and soreness next day may often be avoided.

FOR THE ARM MUSCLES.

Stand upright and grasp the right arm behind the triceps with the left hand, as shown in the sketch.

Then holding the right arm close against the side of the body, try to pull it over towards the left side.

The biceps of both arms will be pressed close up against the chest muscles, and the right arm will resist the efforts of the left to pull it across.

Now bend the right fore-arm sharply upwards from the elbow, and you will find that the work of the left arm will now be much easier.

The resisting arm should be pulled over as far as it will go before the strain is taken off, and the exercise should then be repeated with the right arm pulling the left towards the right side of the body.

Another "resisting" exercise.

LOOKING AT YOURSELF.

If we never saw ourselves stripped, we should not bother about physical culture at all.

Clothes are kindly and hide the undeveloped limb, but when you join an athletic club, strip and see other fellows stripped, you begin to take more than a passing interest in your muscular equipment.

This is a fact which any reader interested in athletics will verify.

You should put the same principles into practice at home. Do your exercises with as little costume as possible, so that you may watch your muscles.

You will then take a pride in them, and, your attention being concentrated upon them, the development will be more rapid than it would otherwise be.

A biceps beneath a coat sleeve is not a thing to arouse its possessor's interest, but a biceps bulging as you do the exercises and constantly under your observation, is a matter for interest, for pride and for the encouragement of further effort.

JU-JITSU.

4th LESSON.

"This throw is a particularly useful one. It lands your adversary in a heap on the floor, and leaves you standing over him—very much the dog."

It can be practised on either side of your opponent, but for the sake of clearness we will assume that you approach him on his left side, and that you are facing one another.

Slip your left arm under his left and across his chest, until you grip the right shoulder of his coat or waistcoat.

At the same time step behind him and set your back against his, so that his body lies across your own from left to right.

Now bend forward to the right, still gripping him firmly, so that left forearm comes up under his chin.

He will thus be lifted clean off his feet, and if you do the trick smartly, he will turn a complete somersault and land in a heap at your

His fall will be fairly forcible, as he will from the height of your waist, and if you ever obliged to put the throw into practice earnest, you will have but little difficulty in ning your man to the ground, or bringing to reason.

For the same cause, if you are trying friend, or still more important, if you are ing a friend to try it on you, you should see a mattress or cushion, or at least soft turf prepared for the victim to alight on.

As you will observe, one of your hands be completely disengaged while the other is hauling your man over your shoulder, and is useful for maintaining your balance and venting your collapsing together with burden, who will naturally arrive on

You will have to exert all your therefore, at the moment of hoisting your back, to prevent the table a little mishap of this sort.

THE BEGINNING OF EXERCISE.

I have more than once advised students this page to change their exercises frequently. In fact, that is why I keep on giving every week.

One great reason for varying your is to avoid monotony and waning interest, there is another and even more important

Look at the great cyclist or the great runner if you have a chance of seeing them stripped, and you will not find any exceptional muscular development; in fact the legs and arms of the adept are not bulkier than your own.

Why is it?

In every exercise there are certain muscles called into action, and a fair amount of development is required in these muscles. Why, then, should not the great cyclist or the great runner have exceptionally large muscles?

You would think that by constant practice he would acquire an astonishing development. The explanation lies in the fact that the initial difficulty of acquiring the necessary development has been overcome, and the exercises are carried through chiefly by the

The novice exerts himself unnecessarily, in fact he expends unnecessary energy. The expert, on the contrary, uses his muscles no more than is absolutely necessary, for skill and experience have shown him just where he can help himself, and he goes along in a economical manner that does not make for intensive muscle.

Such being the case, I strongly advise those of my readers who are anxious for rapid development to change their exercises in sports constantly.

It is when you are new to the game that you take it hardest, and it is then that your muscles are receiving the most benefit.

A LONDON BUSINESS MAN'S WONDERFUL HAIR-GROWING PREPARATION.

NEW HAIR IN FOURTEEN DAYS.

He invites men and women tired with trying "this, that, and the other" thing to apply for complete

Large Trial Treatments

FREE.

A well-known London business man has a wonderful Hair-Growing Treatment which he claims will grow hair in fourteen days. He is willing to send supplies of his treatment, sufficient for a complete trial, to those who, as he puts it, are tired of trying this, that, and the other thing for their baldness, thinning, or colouring failing hair. Certainly the evidence of letters and photographs which may be seen at Craven House, opposite the British Museum, London, is most extraordinarily satisfactory. Elderly and middle aged, as well as young ladies and gentlemen, have been remarkably grateful for what the preparation has done. They have written lengthy letters, and some have sent photographic evidence of the highly satisfactory effect of the preparation.

THE EVIDENCE.

[illegible] had a bald patch on [illegible] about a year. I had [illegible] despair. [illegible] your [illegible] friend showed [illegible] have [illegible] ment, and I sent for a [illegible] was very much pleased and surprised to find at the end of weeks that the new hair was nearly as long as the old. In my case one trial box was sufficient to accomplish what I desired of.

Yours faithfully,

C. L. RILEY.

Bowling, Yorks.

Dear Sir,—I can truly say your Pomade [illegible] it a [illegible] to [illegible]. Four months since, that was in July, I was quite bald, and could not go out. I got one trial box, and one large box, and in six weeks I was able to put my hat on and go out. My hair is now three inches long, and I think another box to apply occasionally will be quite sufficient for my case. Your True Hair Grower cannot be too fully appreciated, and I shall recommend it to my friends.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) L. BROSCOMB.

The Mains, Morebattle, nr. Kelso.

Dear Sir,—I now take pleasure in writing you with regard to your Pomade. I may say my hair was fast falling out, leaving a great many bald patches. The first or second application stopped the falling, and after a few weeks' use the growth was entirely renewed, for which I am very grateful. I have strongly recommended the preparation to many friends. You may use my name as a testimonial if you wish.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE TAYLOR.

Watton, near Thetford.

Dear Sir,—A few months ago my hair began to fall off. I came across your advertisement and decided to try same. I am pleased to say after using contents of one box, my hair ceased to fall, and is now quite thick again. I shall be pleased to recommend your preparation to my friends.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) A. M. PAGE.

Picton Place, Haverfordwest.

Dear Sir,—Your hair grower has done for me what nothing else has ever done. Some time ago I was recommended a preparation which I tried, but at the end my hair was no better than when I started. But I am glad to say your Pomade has worked wonders for me. I had three bald patches on my head, but after using the first box I could see a new growth of hair, and now I am glad to say I have a good growth where the bald patches were. I have been telling my friends about it, and shall continue to do so. Thanking you for your kindness,—Yours sincerely,

E. W. WASSALL.

No part of the human structure starts growing again, nothing like so quickly, as the hair of the head (the discoverer remarked). If it were otherwise, I certainly could not say that my Hair Regenerator would, as it actually does, grow hair in 14 days. I know (he said, continuing) that most people will think my treatment too good to be true. I have selected haphazard a few testimonials which bear out my contention—I have hundreds of others.

I wish everyone suffering from Hair Troubles to obtain from me a complete large Trial Hair-growing Treatment, consisting of

FREE

1. One Large Trial Box of my True Hair Grower.
2. One Cake of Special Scalp Soap.
3. A Beautifully Illustrated Book of 96 Pages.

To obtain [illegible] a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the [illegible] and, whether you are suffering from complete or partial baldness, or the hair has only recently manifested signs of falling, a few [illegible] of my compound will quickly convince you of its intrinsic value.

I ask only that each of my correspondents shall send me **three penny stamps** to cover expenses other than the cost of the Treatment itself. I will pay for the latter.

I will make satisfactory arrangements to ensure the sending of each applicant's supply of my Hair Regenerating Treatment off the same day as the letter and stamps reach me. My address is :—

JOHN CRAVEN BURLEIGH, 256, Craven House (opposite British Museum), LONDON, W.C.

BUSINESS·IS·BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE ODDS.

I am almost afraid to discuss the matter I am about to speak of, because my remarks may lead to misapprehension.

I shall therefore say at once that, though I am about to show the necessity for and the manner of saving small amounts, I do not advocate penuriousness.

No great business was ever established by the man who cut down expenses to the minimum.

Take as an outstanding instance the methods of the big Jew shopkeepers in London; they spend not a penny that will not bring in a good return, but in certain matters—shop fronts, large stocks and so on—they go to an expenditure that many an English shopkeeper would consider rank extravagance. But the Jews know their business and prosper at it.

I have taken hold of the wrong end of the stick because I want to correct any misinterpretation which might otherwise occur. I do not want any man who regards my advice, to cut down expenses foolishly; I merely advocate that he should dock those little items which produce no result whatsoever, although in themselves they amount to a considerable sum in the course of a month.

Heading the list I should place discount for cash.

Many a shopkeeper is in the habit of paying cash for goods in order that his bookkeeping may be simplified, but he neglects the opportunity and the right which is his for obtaining the discount in consideration of his cash payments.

2½ per cent. amounts to 6d. in the £, and, if your weekly order amounts to only 10s., you may not consider it worth while to bother about the 3d. that you ought to receive in discount; but by forgoing your right to these odd pence you are gaining nothing and are losing them.

Another item which in time mounts up is the stamp bill.

The business man is pestered with letters from various firms whom he does not know and whom he does not desire to deal with. If he does not entertain the propositions they make, it is useless for him to spend money and time in replying to them, and yet there are some men in commerce who reply to every letter received, no matter what its nature may be. They are wasting their time and their stamps.

Again we have to consider fractions of an inch.

In buying cloth by the yard, it would be ridiculous to measure with an ivory rule, but in purchasing such things as process blocks for your advertisements, you should not allow the engraver to overmeasure the block. If the picture is a large one and he measures a quarter of an inch too much down the side, you will have to pay for several extra square inches in the total bill.

Light again is a matter for attention.

It is an excellent plan to have pasted on every lamp in your establishment a small ticket on which is printed "Please extinguish this lamp when not in use."

This forms a constant reminder to your employees that they should not waste the light, and it is almost invariably effective, for wastefulness is generally the result of forgetfulness and not of malice.

In buying paper for your office, or for packing your goods, you should also use care.

Scribbling paper and rough packing paper need not be of the finest quality, and if you save a farthing per pound on it you will find a considerable sum on the right side of your paper account at the end of the year.

I have given these general hints as being applicable to most businesses.

To secure the best results you should carefully consider your own particular line. Make out a list of where you can save without in any way damaging your interests, and stick to that list.

BREAKING DOWN HABIT.

In provincial towns especially, patronage of certain shops becomes a matter of habit. Women go to them because their mothers went, and the mothers went because they were taken there as children.

It is the old problem of mechanical action. We get into the habit of smoking a certain brand of tobacco, of using a certain kind of soap, not because it is superior but because we once thought so, and it saves the trouble of thinking always to buy the same brand. We only give up a favourite brand when we discover some very great fault in it.

And so with shopping. The customers will continue to patronise the old shops and will leave a newcomer severely alone unless the newcomer succeeds in breaking them of the habit. In such circumstances he must get them once within his doors at all hazard. A striking window novelty may be with advantage used as a first step in order to induce possible customers to stop in front of the shop and become aware of its existence. The next step is to offer some high-class goods at bargain prices in order to tempt the people inside.

The campaign has then just commenced, and can only be brought to a successful issue by an infinite tact. To offer a five guinea bicycle for £3 may induce men to come inside the shop, but if they find your stock of bicycle lamps limited or antiquated, if they find you taciturn, or if they discover that your prices do not on the whole compare favourably with those of the shops they are wont to patronise, things will be just as they were, and you will be none the richer for your endeavour to attract attention.

To break down a long standing habit you must attract the people by novelty, but this must be backed up with all round merit.

DECIDERS.

No shopkeepers whose customers are women can have failed to observe the inability of many of them to make up their minds. Particularly is this the case at sales. Some women will examine every bargain, feel that they want to buy everything, and finally buy possibly a cotton reel. They want to buy things, but they cannot make up their minds to the purchase.

Deciders have long been used in the large American stores, and they have recently been introduced into several drapers shops in London. The decider is a young lady perfectly gowned and pretty of face. When the customer is hesitating, it is her office to come up, lift one end of the fabric which is under discussion, try it against her own dainty person and say, "If this lady does not require this piece I should like it." In the majority of cases this little opposition is quite sufficient to give the weak mind of the doubtful customer just the necessary impulse to clinch the bargain there and then.

Moreover, the decider is chosen for her good looks, and the customer reasons that a well dressed and beautiful woman like her could not take a fancy to anything but a highly desirable piece of cloth.

In small establishments this game is, of course, impossible, but it is found to work remarkably well in the big shops.

BLACKMAILED COMMERCIALS.

Much has been said, writes a commercial traveller, about the practice of bribing buyers, a custom which has rightly been knocked on the head, but little is known about the blackmail to which commercial travellers have to submit.

The proprietor of a large shop in Birmingham invariably opens business with a traveller by inviting him to subscribe to a testimonial in which he is interested. The traveller can, of course, refuse, but if he does, he leaves the town without an order.

From time to time I have to call on the buyer of a man's outfitter in Manchester, and the first sentence he greets me with is invariably, "What are you requiring in my line to-day?" Of course I am not requiring anything from him, for I can obtain every article he sells at cut-throat sale prices, but unless I give him an order for at least 10s. worth of stuff, I get no order from him.

In a Midland town there is a buyer who does a considerable amount of business as a money lender on the sly. How many commercial travellers he has victimised I shall not like to say. Unless you borrow £5 from him there is absolutely no chance of your getting an order. From this loan he exacts a high rate of interest, and if you repay it he refuses further business till you have taken another loan. It is just a question of mathematics whether the money you pay him in interest is covered by your commission on his orders.

For my own part I have always managed my work matters so that I finish each trip with a certain amount of profit, but I know many bagmen who have paid him all they have made out of him. I have often wondered whether he has taken the precaution of registering himself as a money lender, and if he has not, one of his victims will some day, and in my opinion it will be right.

SPRATS TO CATCH WHALES.

It is an axiom of business that if you give the public a small present, you propitiate them and induce further custom.

Samuel, the jeweller, was I think the first to introduce the scheme of paying cab fares, and it is an idea that might be used with great advantage by almost every shopkeeper, especially in country towns. He has to stipulate that the amount of the purchase must be over 10s. or over £1, according to the radius within which fares are to be paid. In the case of, say, a country grocer, the average customer would seldom amount to more than a few pence, but country people are very thrifty and greatly dislike having to pay their cab expenses, and consequently are very attractive when they are returned to them.

Competitions, having nothing whatever to do with the commodity, have been largely used by the makers of most of the popular brands of cigarettes, and they have now been taken up by other branches of business, notably by Mr. Veno's and other companies.

Bogus trade rivalry is another method of drawing custom. In Soho there are many excellent French restaurants, but only the two best are conducted by rival Parisians who hit upon a novel scheme. They were fast friends, but this they kept secret. Their restaurants were almost directly opposite, and they waged a warfare amusing to the public, that was, had it been serious. Each day passers-by might read some new jibe written upon a placard outside the establishment of M. Blanc's, and the next day there would be a spirited reply to it posted on the portals of M. Noir. Groups would form round the respective restaurants to read the latest fulminations and many would enter out of curiosity. The fare was excellent, and their future patronage was assured.

All advertising is something of a gamble, risk a little in the hope of getting back

STOCKS AND SHARES

ACCURATE UNBIASSED INFORMATION

YOUR common-sense tells you that the specious advertisements and circulars of the "bucket shop" are illogical, and, of course, you will not take the advice of an outside broker, principal or agent, regarding the purchase of a particular share or bond *he* wants you to buy.

YOU would prefer even to claim confirmation of the soundness of an inside broker's advice before acting thereon.

YOU want to know if an investment offered you is fairly safe, or if a speculation has merit; you want to know the *real* reason why people are offering to sell you Stock and the *real* interest of those who invite you to join in speculations.

YOU want to ascertain the hidden motive or interest. You know they place the best light on their wares and the defects are hidden. You know even brokers are not always cautious or disinterested; and, at least, they are "interested" in the securing of a commission.

YOU want to know whether your broker is getting the best price or charging you fair rates; whether you are getting all the dividends, bonuses, or advantages to which you are entitled.

YOU want to know when and what to buy and when to sell. You want to know whom to deal with or whom not to deal with; whether your present investments can be bettered or whether they are safe. You may want to speculate in Mining Shares, Options, or Premium Bonds, etc. You want to invest or buy an annuity, sell or buy some stock, or enter into some speculation. You want to increase your income.

WOULD it be worth your while to have at your command an unbiassed source of information about all matters pertaining to Investments, Companies, Stock Exchange, Outside Brokers, and other matters connected with investment or speculation?

WOULD you not welcome the benefit of organised expert investigation and information? A reputable firm who can assist you and from whom you can obtain honest information. This is our object. We do not wish to buy or sell stocks or shares for you, but we can tell you what stocks may be bought with advantage, and what to avoid. When to buy and when to sell. When to refuse or when to accept an offer.

Think of the Successful People You Know. Whether Investors or Speculators, Merchants or Professional Men

Their success is not the result of luck. It is the application of common-sense. Close examination will prove their success is founded on securing *accurate* and *helpful information.*

ROTHSCHILD made two millions of money out of the Battle of Waterloo. How did he do it? Simply by getting prior and accurate information. The same holds good to-day. The successful Investor, Business Man, Financier, or Speculator is the man who knows more than the next man. The sure knowledge which guides him when to Buy, when to Sell, when to "Get In," and when to "Get Out. In short, Money Making and Money Losing is the knowing of something or the knowing of nothing.

MILLIONS of money have been, and are still being, lost by Investors solely through the lack of having conscientious and reliable information immediately available. To *Know* surely is the Foundation Stone of Prosperity; *Not to Know* is the Road to Loss. Every person with capital invested, or about to invest, should have his propositions subjected to Independent Criticism. Let this be a *Fixed Habit, not a Spasmodic Act,* and it may be the means of saving or of the making of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of pounds in the course of a few years. This Invaluable Examination will cost you but a trifling sum. It is of inestimable worth to you. Our Business is to supply Immediate Information on any subject you can name, including those relating to Investment, Speculation, Law, Medicine, Business, Art, Crafts, Science, Professions, and to carry out this effectively we have a most Remarkable Organisation.

WE not only possess tens of thousands of correspondents resident in almost every part of the world, but we have hundreds of experts who have contracted to supply information. WE can deal with questions upon almost any subject—from those relating to Airships to those of a domestic class.

We answer any Enquiry at the rate of 1s. per Form, but an enquiry must be made on our authorised forms which we issue to subscribers. In this short advertisement we can only suggest in a very bare form the wide scope of our usefulness, but we hope we have said sufficient to arouse your interest. We are making a special offer to a limited number who subscribe now. On your filling up a postcard or the coupon at foot, we will send you full particulars, including an interesting Illustrated Brochure.

CURTIS GARDNER.

Our business and the works issued by us have been highly spoken of by over 150 of the leading journals. We have as subscribers, persons of all classes, including members of the Nobility, of Parliament, of such institutions as Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange, business men, retired men, private ladies and gentlemen, etc., etc.

All applicants will also receive a 48-pp. book, entitled, "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS," by *Truth's* Investigator, in which it is stated our organisation "provides a mine of information," "unequalled, I suppose, in the world."

Write to-day for Booklet No. 38, which will be sent you post free.

FREE COUPON. FILL UP NOW.

To Curtis Gardner & Co., Ltd., 38, King's House, King St., E.C.

Please send me post free your book No. 38, also book entitled "Business is Business," by *Truth's* Investigator.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Are you interested in any particular subject? If so, state nature .....

CUT THIS OUT

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XIV. THE MAN WHO LAPSED.

John Graill, farmer, was of that sturdy, stolid type that only a lifetime spent in working the soil can produce.

A man of fifty or thereabouts, his round, clean-shaven face, the features blunted and irregular, was tinted with sunburn and mellow as a ripened apple.

His farmstead was an old rambling place, with smoke-blackened beams and low ceilings, and possessed of an atmosphere of calm unhaste peculiarly akin to John's personality.

Here it was that Richard had made his home after the departure of his family from Moulden.

He had known John for a long time, often having spent week-ends with him, and, when he expressed a desire to live in the neighbourhood of the river permanently, John had grunted: "Why not here?"

The question of arranging payment had been troublesome. Richard could not bring himself to broach the matter, and his tacit understanding with John was that he was a guest in the house for as long as he liked. As guest he was welcome, but the stiff pride of the countryman forbade his presence on any other understanding.

Richard tactfully settled the matter by leaving thirty shillings on his dressing-table at the end of the first week. When he entered the room again he found that ten shillings of this money were untouched, so, accepting the hint, he made the sum a sovereign for the future.

It was from Mrs. Graill that Richard heard later that her husband had cursed her roundly when she had asked him what she should do in the matter.

Richard had the enviable faculty of being able to throw off the burden of business once he had left his works, and afterwards, when night had closed in, he found nothing more pleasant than the great, lamp-lit kitchen of the farm.

As they puffed the reflective pipe, his conversation with John was mostly the conversation of silence.

Mrs. Graill always retired to bed soon after nine o'clock and the farmer stolidly got up to follow her as the clock cuckooed ten. Year in, year out they rose in the morning at five.

There had been occasions when their placid regularity had been disturbed. One of them had been the running away from home of their only son, of whom nothing had since been heard.

Report in the adjacent village had it that he had enlisted as a soldier and that the veldt of Africa sheltered his bones, but nobody seemed to be quite sure of it, and John never spoke about the matter.

In the parlour of the farm, chill with disuse, Richard had seen a photograph of a lad with a handsome, reckless face, and this he assumed was the son that had torn a great wound in his father's heart.

How Richard knew that the wound was there he could not tell, for John had none of the gloom of a cherished grief, but some instinct told him that for all young men John had a tenderness, a hungering for their company that could be nothing but a reflex of the love he had felt for his son.

The hysterical rebellion of the townspeople against their troubles contrasts contemptibly with the philosophic stoicism that characterises the true countryman. Civilisation, with its resultant congestion in towns, has made the character flabby as well as the body.

As Fate would have it, Richard was to take his part in the hidden tragedy of the Graills, and this, aptly enough, immediately followed the mention of it by John.

The breach in the latter's reticence took place in this way.

Mrs. Graill had gone to bed, and for a long time there had been no sounds in the kitchen but the crackling of the fire and the regular puff-puff of the pair of smoking mouths.

Then, tapping the ashes of his pipe into the palm of his hand, John observed:

"My son Jim would ha' been twenty-five today if he'd ha' lived."

Silence accompanied the re-charging of his pipe.

"He's dead, then?" said Richard at last, feeling that his communicativeness wanted encouragement.

"For aught I know," said John stolidly.

"I expect he is," added John after a long interval of staring into the fire, "or he'd ha' been home afore this."

He raised his head and looked Richard's way with an unemotional countenance.

"What's your opinion?" he asked.

Richard discharged a cloud of smoke so that the wistfulness in the farmer's eyes should be screened.

"You never know," he replied.

John reached a hand for his glass of beer, emptied it slowly, replenished it from the big jug on the table, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and settled himself comfortably again.

"That's so," he agreed.

"It wur a woman," he said reflectively, "one o' them rare and pretty women as comes to the country to get rid o' their lovers in town. She used to wander about in a white dress wi' a scarlet sash and no hat on. Rare and pretty she was. Stayed at Mrs. Bright's cottage. She could pull an oar like a man."

The studied absence of feeling made Richard wince.

"That wur how Jim got to know her," continued John, without haste. "Got her out o' the river one day at Seckley ford. She used to drop in to see us most days after that. A witching way she had. Small wonder Jim got fond of her. His eyes used to follow her about like a dog. Just like a dog."

There was a whirr and the cuckoo popped out through a little door, and announced ten o'clock with idiotic importance. Then the door clapped back and the silence felt oppressive.

John got up. In his face there was dumb protest against the inexorable interference of Time.

"That sort of woman," he paused to add at the kitchen door, as if a little explanation of his son's disappearance still was necessary, "women of that sort always have lovers—wherever they go."

And Richard knew then that John Graill was one of them, just as he knew the son had left home because of this mysterious peace-wrecking creature in their uneventful lives.

"Women—women! Women are the devil," thought Richard.

But later on, as he was going to bed, he added—"Sometimes."

II.

Richard awoke, every nerve strained to listen.

Intense dark reigned in the room. Silence was absolute.

He turned over in bed and faced the window. Through it he could see a star twinkling here and there in an inky sky.

There it was again—a stirring in the room below.

In a trice Richard was out of bed and at the open window. From the appearance of the night daybreak must be many hours distant yet.

Richard listened.

The sound came again, and to Richard's [illegible] leapt one thought—burglars.

Like many men of his class, John Graill kept a goodly sum of money in the house. Richard knew it was stored in the secret drawer of an old escritoire in the room beneath his own.

He stood for a moment thinking rapidly. The sudden shock from sleep to wakefulness affected him. He felt nervous.

An impulse to go along to John's room was checked. John slept at the other end of the rambling farm, and there were two corridors to be covered and a door between. Besides, he must not alarm the house needlessly.

There was but one thing to do. He must go down himself.

A thrill of excitement supplanted fear: the primeval instinct of the huntsman awoke in him.

Slipping on his trousers, he crept stealthily out of the room and down the dark stairs. Even if it was burglars they were unlikely to find the secret drawer, for it was very cleverly concealed.

Richard reached the bottom stair without a creak. He tiptoed noiselessly down a passage, then his breath caught.

Through the half-open door he saw a light.

Noiselessly as a ghost he stole along, and for a momentary interval he stood and watched.

A man was kneeling by the desk on which shone a small circle of light from a lamp placed on a chair close by, and his back was towards Richard.

Then the man, without moving his body, turned his head.

It was but the mechanical precaution of one engaged on dangerous business, but the sight of the glance brought him to his feet. An audible whistling through his teeth [illegible]

In the darkness the upper half of [illegible] white nightshirt stood out like a severed [illegible]

Then Richard moved forward, and [illegible] taneously the man threw up an arm.

"I don't want to shoot," he said in a penetrating whisper, and Richard stopped [illegible] in his stride.

It was the first time he had faced a gun, his eyes fixed on the shadowy weapon with odd intentness.

Sweat broke out on him, and down his [illegible] coursed fear like a cold thin wire.

Both stood motionless. Then the man [illegible] a hand for his lantern and flashed it in Richard's face. His own was indistinguishable.

"If you move or advance, I shoot," said the man, as if he read such an intention in Richard's eyes.

Richard drew a curious breath [illegible] its quailing and stepped further [illegible]

That instant he expected [illegible] death.

It did not come and, turning [illegible] door softly, a cold scorn of [illegible] his nerves.

"You'd better put it down now," he said. "You know you daren't use it."

"Phew!" A whistle of reluctant [illegible] came from the man. "You're a cool [illegible] Lumme! I never thought to find that in a country bumpkin."

Richard realised that after all here was recklessness equal to his own.

"Stand where you are," he said. "I'm going to have a light."

"Steady!" The voice this time was [illegible] Then the man laughed [illegible] gently. "Say, mister," he said, "I hold the gun, you know."

"More fool you," said Richard. "You'll very likely swing through it."

But he kept still, peril warning him.

"Looks like a cop," sneered the man. "Well, see here! what *you* think, I guess.

he sounded murderous—"One [illegible], see? Not if I do swing for [illegible] of that door!"

a black outline behind the lantern, r, and Richard braced himself. conversation had been carried on in the [illegible]. So ugly a rage felt Richard this man for giving him the most fear- moments of his life that interference [illegible] now would have aroused in resentment than relief.

not, if you like," said Richard savagely, [illegible] to you!"

words were yet out of his mouth ung like a tiger. hand clutched the man's wrist and rm upward, an arm wound round his e was helplessly pinioned. The lamp on the floor was the only sound. of rigid stillness in which Richard why the man had not fired, then he back with torturing slowness and ll.

ll have a look at you, my friend," d, and stooping he picked up s lantern and shone a light on the te, desperate, and distorted with fear it Richard uttered a sharp exclamation. !" he said, "are you Jim Graill?" rd loosed him, a wave of horror sweep- im. The man groped for a chair and t, breathing heavily. you fool!" said Richard, "unless you body here."

t d'you mean?" came the swift query. [illegible] not going to give me away?" And your father upstairs! unk!" could have floored him in his dis- Here, let's have a light. I'm sick of not knowing where we are."

Richard went back to the door, listened, and closed it again quietly. Then, lighting a lamp, he had a good look at the intruder who sat in a limp attitude of dejection, his head lowered.

Taking a framed photograph from a table, Richard handed it to him.

"That's you, isn't it?"

"Oh, my God!" said the young man, staring at it, his head giving little nods of hopelessness, as if the picture of what he was then as compared with his present condition had revealed his lapse in a light of ghastliness.

His forearms resting on his knees, back hunched, Jim Graill sat thinking. Richard knew nothing to say and was silent. The plight of this man who was about his age and should have known nothing but the full joys of manhood, shook him to the depths.

"Did you ever read Kipling?" asked Graill, his eyes centred on the floor. He seemed to know how Richard's feelings had changed towards him. "How that man knows so much puzzles me. He can't have been everything, and I had a sort of hazy idea that a man had to go through things before he understood 'em.

"I just remember a couple o' lines," he went on, and in his slow reflectiveness and stoical concealment of suffering Richard was strongly reminded of the father. "Something like this—'Stopped in the straight when the race was his own! Look at him cutting it; cur to the bone!'"

"I could finish it," put in Richard quietly. "'Ask, ere the youngster be rated and chidden, what did he carry and how was he ridden? Maybe they used him too much at the start; maybe fate's weight-cloths are breaking his——'"

"Don't!" Jim raised his head and there was wet in his eyes. "Don't find excuses," he said. "I never could grovel in them, rotten as I was in other ways."

The words and the proof that the right spirit still lived in him gave Richard his chance.

"Let 'em go, then," he said, "and everything else that's past. Right here we'll make things different."

He jumped to his feet and Jim did the same.

"For God's sake don't tell the old man!" he whispered, putting out a hand.

"Tell him? Not I! But you've got to come back into their life, you know."

"I couldn't—not after——"

"Bosh! that's over. It isn't you I'm thinking of. It's them. They're lonely, man. There's no great obstacle, is there? You're not married?"

"No, I'm not married," was the reply, and Richard saw hope struggling for mastery in his face. "But I'm clean broke."

Richard's manner became brisker still.

"Look here," he said. "Clear off now. Go into Moulden to Mark Gem's place. You know it? Right. Tell him I sent you and he'll put you up. And come and see me at my place tomorrow." He gave him the name and address.

Jim endeavoured to interrupt him, but Richard would not be denied.

"Yes, I know, I know. But if you're in a job and earning money of the right sort——"

"The right sort!" repeated Jim bitterly. "Do you think I can expect anybody to trust me after this?"

"Yes, you can me," insisted Richard. "Damn it, don't argue the matter. I'm getting cold."

Another pause in which both men probed each other's natures with a glance, then Jim squared his shoulders, and strength reappeared in his face.

"To-morrow?" said Richard, offering his hand.

Jim nodded and wrung it, afraid to trust his voice.

Silently Richard accompanied him out.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

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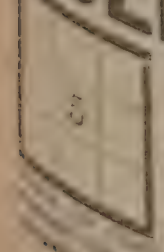

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Fig. 5.

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SOME TYPES.

The cricket spectator is on the whole of a quieter and better-mannered type than the follower of football. I am talking of first class cricket and professional football.

True, "scenes" or rowdyism are not unknown on our cricket fields, but as a rule the cricket enthusiast is a quiet, well-behaved man, with something of the philosophic disposition of the angler—and in view of the soporific nature of much of modern county cricket he has to be of a patient, ruminative nature; he is content to sit through long spells of dull play, to pay his sixpence without any guarantee of an exciting game, and unlike the football devotee he does not spend most of his time abusing the umpires, probably because he knows far more about the game than the footballer, whose ignorance of the rules is often grotesque.

A certain placidity then is characteristic of the cricket spectator, be he in the pavilion or among the crowd. In the pavilion the veteran in greatly to the fore, plump, jolly-faced, white waistcoated, thinking half-regretfully, half-pleasurably of the great day when he "got his cap" at school, the still more ineffable day when he was chosen to represent his 'Varsity, his county, or, glory of glories, his country.

IN THE PAVILION.

Then there are brown-faced Army men on leave, "sporting parsons," snatching a brief respite from spiritual labours, young 'Varsity men, occasional boys, and other sorts and conditions of men, but the assemblage in the Pavilion is essentially a well-bred one, no doubt because to follow cricket you must have plenty of leisure.

Now let us turn to the crowd, always, I think, infinitely more interesting than the elect.

As I have remarked, one needs leisure to follow cricket, and the first point that strikes me about the crowd is wonder that many of them can afford to be the enthusiasts that they are.

From their appearance they are in no great circumstances, though decent, respectable men, yet you will find them there from the pitching to the drawing of stumps, and not only occasionally, but day after day. However, that is their business and not mine, though frankly I should like to know how they manage it, and my first type is the enthusiast who seems to derive some peculiar pleasure from keeping the score.

THE SCORING MANIAC.

He brings with him a book in which he religiously records not only the score, but the bowling analysis ball by ball. Why does he do this? I confess I do not know. Possibly he enjoys looking up his records in the winter months, or possibly he lives in the delirious hope of catching the official scorer out. But it does seem a queer way of enjoying yourself to sit on a hard bench all day long, not daring to move, scarcely daring to light a pipe, lest you miss a point of a game, and laboriously recording details, the bulk of which will be given on the score card or in the press.

Then there is the spectator who talks to the players—I don't mean the "barracker"—oh, no, he is quite a sportsman, this chap, but he amuses me by the confidential way in which he applauds, advises, or criticises the players.

"Now, then, George" (or "Harry" or "Tom"), he will say when a batsman makes a wild stroke, "steady there, boy, steady," or "Very good, George, well-played," when "George" rises to the occasion.

Quite possibly he is a friend of George, but anyway the unofficial coach gives the impression of a man performing a serious and necessary duty, and one feels convinced that without him "George" would be as a rudderless ship.

UNOFFICIAL BUT OFFICIOUS.

Then, of course, there is the amateur captain, not quite the same type as the man I have just described. The latter is tolerant, helpful, the amateur captain is nothing if not captious. He quarrels with the order of going in or the placing of the field. He is appalled at "'Awke's" folly in putting "'Irst" on to bowl. He is sure that Leveson-Gower (which he pronounces as spelt) is out of his senses not to have "declared" an hour ago. In his own opinion he is more than capable of captaining England, and my private conviction is that he has never played cricket in his life.

A rather similar type is the man who entertains you (more or less) with tit-bits of personal information about the players, all of whom he professes to know intimately.

Frequently his gossip is of a most scandalous nature. "Smiter," who has been doing badly in recent matches, is out for a duck, and the scandal-monger whispers confidentially that of course you know that "Smiter" has been on the booze for the last month, and if he isn't very careful they'll drop him.

STATISTICS AND HERO-WORSHIP.

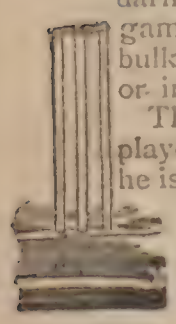
Another type is the statistician. Avoid him as you would a militant Suffragette, for give him half a chance and he will pour into your bored ears an interminable string of figures about bygone matches, what so-and-so made on such-and-such an occasion, how many wickets Bowlem took in this year or that. He is a genuine enthusiast, but none the less a confounded nuisance, this walking Wisden.

Hero-worshippers, of course, abound, talking with bated breath of how they had seen Stumper in such and such a public-house and the great man had had a glass of beer "jus' like you or me, mate," while there are palpitating small boys armed with autograph books in which they hope to get the great Pullem or the peerless Pitchem to inscribe his name—which the great man sometimes does in the unformed hand of a schoolboy.

The really objectionable spectator at cricket is fortunately rare, but not unknown; he is the sort of ass who disputes the umpire's verdict, accuses the other side of malpractices, and loudly stigmatises any successful fast bowling (on the opponents' side) as throwing.

But take him all round, the cricket enthusiast is a good chap and a sportsman. The pity is that so much of modern first-class cricket with its average-mongering, "I want my pound of flesh" tactics, and dullness, is unworthy of the patronage of the great British public.

L. F. BRADLEY.



A DOG TRAINING TIP.

If you call a dog to heel and he does not co
and you thrash him as soon as you get hold
him, he is not likely to understand the rea
for the punishment. A much better plan is
attach to his collar a long piece of stri
twenty yards or so; let this trail behind him,
keep a firm hold of one end.

If he refuses to come when you call him, g
the string a sharp tug. This reminder is qu
sufficient to secure obedience, and very soon
dog will return without the use of the
all.

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Bilkers

CABBY RECOUNTS SOME EPISODES.

as feeling pretty down on my luck one for I'd had a very poor day, when a male —I won't say a gentleman—hailed me in illy Circus and told me to drive him to e in Putney High-Street. Here's luck at inks I to myself, for that would just bring takings to a satisfactory average. So went.

n I set him down, however, he began to all his pockets. Then he put on a very ed kind of look.

bby," says he, "I find I've lost my purse. cket must have been picked just before I you, but," he adds patronising like, "I want you to suffer, my man. Take this watch and hold it as security."

I gave him my address to send the money de a note of his, and took the watch. Two ater, as no word came from him, I wrote, ny letter was returned marked "Not ." Then I took the watch to a pawn-, and discovered that it was no more gold he tyres of my wheels. It was brass, and got two shillings for it. I told the about it, but my tricky fare was never earth.

TO ONE.

ther night I was waiting near the Oxford Hall when a couple of young men jumped my cab and gave me an address in g. It was a goodish way, and I was pretty well pleased with myself when I up outside the house.

ait a minute," says one of them, getting "I'll be back in a moment."

disappeared up an alley, but I didn't as I still had the other in my cab. Five es we waited, but he did not return. Then maining fare pushes up the flap.

bby," says he, "I don't know where my 's got to. I'll go and search for him."

, you don't," says I, "without paying me

ut my friend's going to pay you," he says.

no money."

this time I had jumped down for fear ry and make a bolt for it.

he game's up, sonny," says I. "How much you got?"

SCORES.

ade him turn out his pockets, and managed t just sixpence short of my legal fare. So n't so bad after all.

sixpenceworth I took out of the would-ker by giving him a jolly good kick on at of his trousers as he turned to go in of his fellow conspirator.

ad just set down a fare at Waterloo and about to leave the station when a gentle-and a lady hailed me and told me to drive ng's Cross.

rove them right into the station and then both got out.

ve to get this lady's ticket and see her off," he. "Just wait for me, cabby. I'll want o drive me on to Paddington."

is worthy couple disappeared into the booking-office, and I never saw either of them again. They must have gone out at the other entrance and crossed over to Euston, I suppose. Anyhow, they had me very nicely, or nastily.

Some people have a perfect mania for bilking. Such at least appeared to be the case of a certain Frenchman, the manager of a restaurant in Soho, I believe he was.

I have heard it said that he has taken a cab to Hampstead and another back again, with no other motive than bilking the two unlucky drivers.

He had me once, but the case was an ordinary one without special interest, so I shall not recall it here. About a week later I spotted him in the Strand, and was on the point of giving him in charge, when I bethought myself that my unsupported evidence might not be enough.

So I signed to a boy who was waiting at a theatre door on the chance of earning odd coppers, and told him to hang on beneath the seat of my cab and to follow any fare I might secure. Then I drove alongside the Frenchman, who was by this time near Charing Cross.

"Keb, sir?" says I, and he couldn't resist the chance. In he jumped, telling me to drive to a certain public-house in the Tottenham Court Road.

I drove very gently, for I didn't want to dislodge the youngster who was holding on beneath my seat, and when we got to the place I watched my fare enter and saw the boy slip down and follow him.

CAUGHT.

I waited a minute or two; then I got a loafer to hold my horse and went inside the bar.

I got there just in time to see my fare vanishing through a door which opened on a street at the back, so I made after him, followed him and gave him in charge of the first policeman we came across.

The evidence this time was too strong to be disputed, and the bilker was suitably dealt with.

You might think me revengeful to follow a case up like this, but you can't judge without having suffered the keen disappointment of wasting your time and your horse's wind driving a man who doesn't pay.

I tried running a bilker to earth on another occasion, but with less success. I was hailed by a soldier in Chelsea and told to drive to the Union Jack Club. I noticed by his uniform that he was in the 16th Lancers, for I am an old Army man myself.

"I won't be a minute," he says, when we got to the club, and with that he ran up the steps.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

It was late, and I'd had very little sleep for several nights past, so as I sat there I felt myself begin to doze.

Presently I woke up with a start and looked about me. There was my late fare walking away from the club as fast as you like!

I whipped up and followed him, and when I got alongside I told him most of what was in my mind.

"I think there's some mistake," says he, "because I haven't been in a cab to-night. But I'll go back to the club with you if you like."

When I turned round I saw another lancer standing at the foot of the steps looking up and down the street, and when I got near he asked why the deuce I hadn't waited as he'd told me to.

Then I saw that I had made the blunder of mistaken identity, but with some excuse, for the two men, besides being in exactly the same kind of uniform, were as like each other as two peas in figure and height.

Of course I apologised to the man I'd been saying hard things to.

"Oh," he laughs, "it's not the first time I've been mistaken for Jim here. Don't worry about it."

But I thought it only right to stand them both a drink as a sort of penalty for my hastiness.

GEORGE DUTTON.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

II. THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS.

Among the oldest and most respected corps in the London Regiment is the 16th Battalion, better known as the Queen's Westminsters.

Like their neighbours, the London Scottish, they form one of the four battalions of the Grey Brigade, under the command of Col. F. W. Romilly, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.

Westminster has always been particularly loyal in supplying volunteers for the service of the country.

In 1779 the City of Westminster and the County of Middlesex together formed 24 companies of Volunteers, and in 1797 a mounted corps, known as the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry, best known to fame as the Westminster Light Horse, was established.

The Light Horse were presented about 1790 by King George III. with a pair of guns which now adorn the entrance to "Queen's Hall," as the headquarters of the 16th Battalion at 58, Buckingham Gate are called.

When the Light Horse Volunteers were disbanded in 1829, the guns were retained by Colonel Bosanquet, and ultimately passed into the possession of his son, who presented them to the Queen's Westminster Volunteers in 1902, shortly after the return of the strong contingent which the corps sent to take part in the Boer War, which earned it the right to bear the words "South Africa, 1900-02" amongst its honours.

Westminster still supplies a mounted corps to the Territorial Force in the 2nd County of London Yeomanry, better known as the Westminster Dragoons.

The Dragoons, however, who, like every other London Yeomanry corps, and the "16th" themselves, have not a vacancy in their ranks, form the Divisional Yeomanry of the 1st Division, while the Queen's Westminsters form a battalion of the 2nd Division.

"A" Company, which was formed in 1859, when the Volunteer Force came into being, has recently been celebrating its jubilee, having served for fifty years continually in the Volunteer and Territorial Forces.

This company, which is recruited entirely from employees of Messrs. Shoolbred and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, now numbers over eighty men, and is officered by members of the firm—Major R. Shoolbred, the officer commanding, having recently received the Volunteer Decoration for many years of faithful service.

The company, though an integral part of the Queen's Westminsters, and clad in their smart uniform of light grey with red facings, with the dull bronze badge of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, is to a great extent independent, and is largely supported at the expense of the firm, whose patriotism is a model to all employers.

The "Queen's Westminster Rifles," as they are still not infrequently called, were originally the 13th Middlesex, and can boast of a strength of 887 men.

Their Honorary Colonel is the Duke of Westminster, himself a Major on the active list of the Cheshire Yeomanry and President of the Cheshire Territorial Association, and once a 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards. The present commanding officer is Lt.-Col. C. A. Gordon Clark, who has only recently succeeded to the command, while the Adjutant, also a new-comer, is Capt. A. R. Leith, of the K.R.R.C., to its connection with which regiment the corps owes much.

At Bisley the Westminsters have always made a great showing, and their representation near the head of most prize lists has been secured for many years by Armourer-Sergeant Fulton, International and Queen's Prizeman, whose son, Cpl. A. G. Fulton, has already equalled his father in the former capacity and no doubt will one day attain the honour of the Gold Cross.

E. S. SIMMONDS.

[*Another of these articles will appear next week.*—ED.]

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS.

A man never looks well-dressed—at least not sufficiently so to make you turn your head to look at him—if he is attired in just what everyone else is wearing at the moment.

There must be some little detail about his clothes which is a bit out of the common.

The West-End outfitters realise the importance of this, and you will not find their windows filled with "job lines" and stuff of that sort.

The provincial outfitters, on the other hand, and those who abound in the Strand, Fleet-Street, Ludgate-Hill and the more easterly thoroughfares of London, are extremely apt to follow each other like sheep, and seeing the market flooded with ties, hats, gloves and so on, of the same, or almost exactly similar, pattern, many men think that these must be the things to wear. And so they invest in them, only to find that about one man in five in the neighbourhood of these shops is wearing the same.

You see a man wearing a black tie with white stripes across it, which might look very smart if the edge were not taken off it by the fact that hundreds of other men are wearing identical ones, and that every shop window near is full of them.

"Yes," you say to yourself, "that cost 6½d. at —— Bros," and however smart he may look, you set that man down as lacking in originality, and therefore not really well dressed.

It is far better to go to a small outfitter, and insist on having something distinctive. It may cost a little more, for it only is the buying of large quantities that enables the large firms to reduce their prices so low, but the difference is so small that it is more than repaid by the distinction added to your attire.

PATENT LEATHER.

There are many men who cannot wear patent leather with comfort, because they find it causes corns, but to those who can wear it and who like it, I may offer a few tips.

Patent leather generally cracks before you have worn it long, but this is due more to neglect of proper treatment than to the varnish on the surface of the leather.

You should never put on either patent leather boots or dancing pumps without first warming them, and when not in use they should always be kept on boot-trees.

If there is a fire handy, well and good; put them in front of it for a minute or two. But if there is no fire convenient, you can render the leather pliable, and prevent it from cracking, by giving it a brisk rub with your hand before you put on the footgear.

My second tip is in the matter of dressing patent leather. It always looks clean when the dust has been taken off; hence many wearers of it neglect the precaution of rubbing in a dressing.

There are lots of dressings sold for patent leather and most of them are good, but if you do not happen to have any handy, any sort of grease will do. It does not much matter what it is so long as it makes the leather pliable, but a dressing of one sort or another is an absolute necessity for patent leather.

As a dressing for patent leather a little ordinary milk, applied with a piece of flannel, is hard to beat, provided that the shoes are thoroughly well polished afterwards.

CLEANING STRAW HATS.

Most men discard their straw hats at the end of each season as unfit for further wear, but if a straw hat be carefully cleaned at intervals, it may be made to last for more than one season and still look quite fresh.

The best method of cleaning a straw is to get some salts of lemon from a chemist and rub it all over with them, but a simpler way is as follows:

Take the band off the hat, and scrub it vigorously with a nailbrush, and soap and warm water.

Then rinse it with cold water and before allowing it to dry, cut a lemon in half and rub the hat well all over with it.

When it has been dried in the sun, and the band replaced, the straw will look as good as new.

CLEARING OUT.

It is inevitable—though of course we all swear lustily when it happens—that from time to time we should discover amongst our purchases garments which are not suited exactly to our needs. Some people call them misfits; others give them very much harder names than that.

You know the collar that, though alleged to be your size, is just a trifle too large; it allows your friends to see down your neck, and it does its best generally to spoil what claims to good appearance you may pretend to have.

When you find yourself with a collar of this kind you must take the matter in hand and deal with it drastically. If you have bought a batch and discover in putting on the first that the size marked is inaccurate, you should return them to the shopman and insist on his refunding your money. If, on the other hand, you have only bought two or three, it is not worth while going to this trouble, and you had better cut the loss at once. On no account must you wear these collars.

It is the same with more important matters. If you buy a ready-made overcoat—a thing which I should never recommend you to do—and find that it does not set properly, you should sell it at once for what it will fetch. To wear it is to resign yourself to appearing badly dressed.

The reply will, of course, be made that one should never become the possessor of clothes that do not fit, as these matters should be noticed at the outset; but, though this is all right in theory, the fact remains that we all of us from time to time find ourselves with things that do not exactly suit or fit us, and the only solution is to get rid of them at the earliest opportunity.

This may sound extravagant advice, but it is the best, for the only alternative is to wear clothes that are unsightly.

WRIST STRAPS.

I have already dealt with the wearing of wristlet watches, which are so useful to the sportsman and the soldier.

This might now almost be called a fashion, for one frequently sees it. I have observed, however, a number of young men wearing ordinary wrist straps, such as chemists sell, and I am unable to suppose that they have all sprained their wrists.

A wrist strap of a light colour, with a small silver buckle showing occasionally when the hand projects farther than usual from the shirt cuff, looks quite well; but, unless it is being worn from necessity, I do not think that it justifies its position.

Let wrist straps be reserved for the tennis player or other athlete when he is playing his game, and then only if his wrist joint requires this support.

TURNED-UP COLLARS.

There are many men who wear the co of their overcoat turned up if they wear the at all. If it is actually raining there is course, an obvious reason to turn up the co of the coat, but if it is not raining, why sh they do it?

There are two reasons, and both of them sound ones.

Look at the average man in an overcoat the collar turned down, and you will admit in most cases his appearance is not altoge at its best; but when he turns up the collar his coat the effect is much improved.

Cavalrymen—great dandies in their wa know this full well, and you will generally them wearing their coat collars turned up.

Another reason for wearing the collar turn up is that very often the coat does not fit p perly at the back of the neck.

Especially is this true of ready-made ov coats, which have a trick of showing half-a inch of your jacket collar above them, but the coat collar is turned up they look just well as a coat that has been carefully and sk fully cut.

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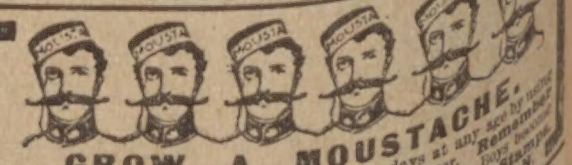

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to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc.
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